

Daily Drabbles

by Old Beginning New Ending

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Summary: A daily series of drabbles and one-shots. HiJack and FrostCup.

1. Day 1

A project in my class, having to do with health and behavioral changes, is prompting me to choose an activity that will gear me towards a better lifestyle. One of the suggestions was to relieve stress for better mental and emotional health.

Naturally for that, I chose writing. For six weeks, I'll be posting a drabble every day (if I stay on track, that is) written in one hour or less. Feel free to send me prompts or suggestions!

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

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><p>Day 1: Email

Hey, Hiccupâ€|

In reality, maybe it was a bit foolish.

After all, he was trusting empty words written on once-blank pages, smearing the white with trivialities and tired old greetings of "what's up?" or "good morning!~" and the occasional "heyâ€|got a minute?"

I've been thinking about this a lot latelyâ€"

But of course that minute came and passed, hours too if Hiccup could help it, but perhaps what was the most foolish thing was that he didn't _mind_â€"never minded actually. Never minded that the entire

day would be whittled away by playful conversations, heated arguments, and outright frivolity.

Never minded that he felt a deeper connection with someone he had only ever seen through a file attachment he had once requested out of curiosity (_heartbeat and pulse racing, cheeks heating up, a slither of embarrassment creeping around his stomach_) from the other. Never minded that this "Jack" he had "met" some months ago had slowly carved out a piece of his day and made himself at home in Hiccup's daily schedule.

And we've definitely been getting to know each other, yeah?

Maybe that was because he felt an actual connection with him. Maybe.

I know, I know, this doesn't sound like me. Believe me, it is! It's just that Iâ€|

Because it was so easy to whisper the burdens of the heart to a stranger, a stranger too far away that Hiccup'd figure "he could never hurt you, directly anyways," or throw his words back at his face because it was far too easy to look at that little red X at the corner of the screen and throw his heart out the window like it was never there to begin with.

And that was the awful thing. Well, maybe not _awful_, but it was pretty stupid too. His predicament, that was. Because he got comfortable. Too comfortable. Comfortable enough to get _attached_ and that was just an _awful_ thing too and terribly _stupid_, becauseâ€"well, let's face it: a blurry photo of a teenage boy with a white smile, pretty blue eyes, and an outlandish dye-job (_who made his heart pulse nervously, eyes widen, and hands fumble stupidly with the desktop mouse_) wasn't exactly solid proof that the boy (if he was at all) was who he said he is.

Well, let's just say, if you're at a loss right now, that makes two of us.

But it was a frightening thing too. Because now this was real. This wasn't between two flickering screens, two gray faces trading a shared language, privy only to their limited realities.

This was them. There was a _them_ now and that in itself was terrifying and so, so, _so_ foolish. He didn't exactly plan for this. He didn't exactly hope for this. He wasn't expecting anything at all, really.

He didn't expect for Jack to warm up to him so fast.

He didn't expect for their exchanges to last well until the earliest rays of dawn began to blind him through his window.

He didn't expect that he'd be sharing his laughs, worries, anxieties, fears, excitement, and joys when they were paired for that Sociology pen-pal arrangement.

He also didn't expect for them to still keep in contact well after the assignment ended.

I just wanna say

But he did. Jack did. _They _did.

And hey, maybe it was foolish.

_And __please__ do not freak out about this. Seriously._

Then again, so was love.

_But I think I'm in love with you. _

.

When Jack clicked that little button, it was only after staring at the traitorous thing for a split-second longer that blue eyes widened and he almost howled with misery.

He clicked it.

He actually clicked it.

He clicked "Send."

He clicked "Send" on a message. A message with probably the shittiest, piss-poor excuse of a "_confession_" to the boy he had been emailing with nearly a year now.

And that _should_ have been a good thing. Should have.

'_Except we've never met in personâ€|or talkedâ€|or you knowâ€|interacted outside of emails.' _Had Jack seen his reflection on his computer screen, he would have noted the disturbingly distant smile on his face and his eyes, fraught with shock.

But instead, he sank down on his computer chair and rolled away from the screen and deposited himself onto his bed. Where he could scream into his pillow. Like a real man.

In all honesty, he didn't know why or how it happened.

It all sort of hit him. Hit him that the guy he had been talking to for nearly a year now had become such a central part of his daily life. Hit him that every little message at the start of the day would bring a smile to his face and a happy little beam when he turned out the lights and allowed himself a few more hours of sleep before his alarm started up. Hit him how every "lol" could almost be heard as messy little snort of amusement, how every smiley emoticon brought his mind back to a certain attachment saved on his computer of a crooked grin and lovely green eyes.

Hit him how he started associating the word "lovely" with the guy.

And it was stupid and he was being impulsive again but the little vice in his chest seemed to ease its grip just a bit as he breathed out and yeah, maybe it was impulsive. That didn't stop the fact that he sent it and he was glad he did.

At the very least, Jack was honest.

And he was honest too as he thought that he'd understand if Hiccup didn't want to "speak" to him again after reading that email.

But he wasn't quite so honest in explaining to his little sister about the racket that came from his room as the little notification bell sounded from his desktop, resulting in him tripping over his own two feet to get to the message.

There was a small moment of silence as the page loaded and Jack felt his heart nearly burst out of anticipation.

Nearly. What did him in was the response: _I think I'm more than okay with that. And uhâ€¦in case you need any more clarificationâ€¦ I think I love you too."_

Jack also wasn't very honest to his sister in explaining the house-rattling cry of, "_YEEEESSSSS!" _that resulted soon afterwards either.

* * *

><p>So, there's that. One day down and forty-one to go!<p>

2. Day 2

Okay, this one goes out to ****EndlessWonderland**** for the prompt! Again haha, I hope I can do this justice ^^

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

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><p>Day 2: Magic

Everything was aching.

One stumbling step after another, the boy of seven trailed after the boy of nine deeper into the woods. The ground was uneven and littered with rocks and twigs making it quite easy for little Hamish to blindly trip over anything. But he hadn't yet.

Even at this age, he knew stumbling in the middle of nowhere would land him in big trouble with his parents, so he made plenty sure not to get himself killed.

He was seven. Not stupid.

"_So why am I here againâ€¦?_" the brunet grouched, carefully avoiding gnarled roots and fallen trees.

"You'll see!" Jack happily replied, easily sidestepping a protruding stone and leaping over little obstacles with ease while the younger grumpily lagged behind. "Plus, we haven't played all week!"

"S'not my fault," the brunet defended. If anything, it was his parents for keeping him cooped up all week after his and Jack's last little "adventure."

Okay, so maybe he was a bit stupid. Just for Jack.

(Don't tell him though.)

The seven-year-old swatted at a large shrub in annoyance—only to be reprimanded by Nature itself when a wayward branch retaliated and smacked him in the face. Cheek stinging and eyes starting to water, he almost didn't care that he let out a cry. "_Jaaack_"

"Aw, c'mon quit whining, Hiccup!" The "Hiccup" in question scowled in response to laughing blue eyes as the older boy raced towards to the exact spot where the younger refused to travel farther.

But now those blue eyes were looking worried as they spotted those red marks on his face, so the seven-year-old took meek steps to meet his friend in begrudging admission. "I told you not to call me that—" he grumbled.

Jack ignored him and cupped his cheeks, staring at the little welts. "Hm—doesn't look too bad—" He laughed and kissed the reddened marks. "There!" And before Hiccup could squawk and scramble away in embarrassment, he took the boy's hands into his own and tugged him along. "Hah, you wouldn't have gotten hurt if you hadn't been slow!"

"I'm _not_ slow!" the younger hissed, digging his feet into the ground.

"Okay, fine," Jack muttered with a roll of his eyes. He looked back to his stubborn young friend with a grin. "You're just a _klutz_"

"I _am_ not!" Hiccup shrieked, still not letting go of Jack's cold hand and still not making it easier for the older boy to literally drag him through the forest.

.

"The river?" Hiccup looked to the gleaming waters, turbulent rush and afternoon sun working in tandem to form little diamond glints with the rushing flow. The sounds of the forest were completely swallowed by the rushing current of the wide waterway. Hiccup had a very bad feeling about this.

"Yeah! We just gotta cross it!" Jack lowered himself to the bank and held out a hand for Hiccup to take.

Hiccup didn't budge. Again: seven _not_ stupid. "Jack—I don't think that's a good idea—"

"What?" The older boy grimaced. "C'mon we made it this far right?" He would have teased the younger a bit more, but there was a muted sliver of fear in those green eyes and Jack felt his stomach drop at the sight of it. This was supposed to be _fun_, not _scary_. "Don't worry! I'm here!" He gave Hiccup a small smile, nervous and a bit desperate at the edges, '_Please, please don't be scared, it's me, please don't be scared of me.'_" "I wouldn't let anything bad happen to you, ever." It was something he promised himself a long time ago.

Not that Hiccup knew that of course. That much was obvious with the dry look he shot the older boy.

Yes, it was quite possible for a seven-year-old to give a deadpan glare. Hiccup had been working on that one since he was three. "Gee, that makes me feel a lot better." The sarcastic drawl was a work-in-progress since he was four.

Though that did little to deter Jack's disposition at all. "Great, now let's go!"

But again, Hiccup was just a little stupid for Jack.

Just a little.

So he waded in after the nine-year-old, the cool river a relief for his aching legs. A few feet into their journey, Hiccup winced as the waters steadily rose in level, the ground beneath their feet dipping inch by inch as they braved their way towards the midway. At a five-inch disadvantage from Jack, Hiccup groaned to himself as the water lapped at his chest, his heavy clothes dragging him down and making it far too easy for him to sway and stumble along. The torrent built from seasonal rains, pushing and threatening to carry him off weren't much help either. Still, he held on, fingers grasped firmly by Jack's, and feeling that his life was literally in the other's hands.

That was not a very settling idea.

His feet seemed to think so too as the ground he had expected to feel underneath him suddenly vanished in one misstep.

It was Jack that gave a yell.

Hiccup flailed hopelessly to regain balance, breaking the other's hold to uselessly flounder in the water; the current carried the small boy easily, buoyancy keeping him afloat, unforgiving waters keeping him from regaining his balance.

Water was rushing, gushing, luring his panic out with open screams only to be muted with mouthfuls of water and paralyzing fear. Off in the distance, he heard Jack scream his name, the sound echoing through his mind past the angry hiss of the river, but his body, twisted and pushed to and fro in the current and deprived lungs filling too quickly with the painful burn of water, Hiccup couldn't respond, can't respond.

It was a split moment of surrender thenâ€” he closed his eyes.

There was a resounding crack that followed, his back colliding painfully against something cold and solid, holding him there against the ongoing current. Immediately, the temperature around him dropped, tiny thunderclaps snaking its way to him as his heavy eyelids resisted the urge to open. His body, undeniably freezing, felt lighter now and he realized why:

No current.

Swivels and swirls of frost connected and collided, solidifying to

the glassy surface as Jack bridged a path to the other. He slid through the river, the ice bearing his weight securely as Jack made his way through the frozen surface towards the younger boy, nearly encased in ice from his frantic efforts to keep him from drifting further away.

"_H-Hiccup!"_ he rasped, fear striking down his spine at the sight of the boy, so small and still in Winter's grip, eyes closed and unresponsive, skin tingeing blue and little chest and mouth silent. _'Noâ€|no, no nonononoâ€"NO!' _ "_HICCUP!"_

At that familiar cry, Hiccup forced out a cough and sputtered out a weak, "_I-I'm ok-k-kay!"_

.

Well, Jack said that he would keep him safe. And he did. Sort of.

Hiccup was safe as in "not-drowned", carried off to Valhalla downstream on unforgiving waters. Then again, lying on the forest floor after Jack had lifted him out of the freezing little pool wasn't much progress. It was progress. Justâ€|not that much.

But Hiccup was grateful. He really was. He was just cold.

"N-not thatâ€|almost d-dying isn't fun or anythingâ€|" Jack winced as Hiccup chattered, starting to curl into himself for warmth on the dry river bank. "B-but why a-are we h-h-here again?"

Jack sat on the forest floor, some ways from the shivering boy, sighing as frost sprawled from his fingertips and onto the leafy grounds. "Well, you wanted to find it, right?" he justified.

Hiccup rolled to his side to sit up, pride be damned. He didn't care if Jack teased him later. He needed warmth and he needed it now. "F-find what?"

"The Night Fury!" the older boy flinched as Hiccup unceremoniously plopped right next to him and cuddled close. Jack felt his cheeks redden and stomach flutter. "I-I mean, these woods are huge! There's bound to be one hiding around here somewhere!" Well, at least the ice around them went away.

The poor boy's head was starting to hurt. After being waterlogged, it wasn't very nice of Jack to randomly throw that bit in there. "_N-night Fury?! _Butâ€"!" A little upset, quite peeved, and extremely befuddled, the brunet lapsed into silence. After a moment or so, he finally spoke. "Butâ€|Dad said they weren't real."

Jack blinked. "What? How could he say that?"

"Wellâ€|I dunnoâ€| He's never seen one, I guess," the younger reasoned. Hiccup was a bit warmer now thanks to Jack, despite his clothes being sopping wet and clinging to him uncomfortably. Oh well; in Berk, the cold was pretty much something everyone got used to.

At that, the older boy scoffed, wrapping a protective arm around him. "Just because he hasn't seen it doesn't mean that it doesn't exist."

Hiccup shrugged, welcoming the extra heat. "I-I guessâ€| " And just as well, even at that age, Hiccup knew that people weren't perfect and were prone to error. That's just how people are.

"I meanâ€| you believe it's realâ€| right?" Even after near-drowning, Hiccup would have been a fool for not noticing that weird voice his best friend was using just now.

Hiccup looked up, still shivering and still very much clinging to Jack's side like a lifeline. There was a weird uneasiness in those ice-blue eyes and Hiccup didn't like that very much at all. Because the seven-year-old knew exactly what Jack was thinking.

The younger's response was immediate, almost insulted by the query. "Of c-course! I m-meanâ€| you're real too, j-just like me." And even after near-drowning, Hiccup gave a giggle at that, an incredulous little burst of amusement at such a question. Really. After everything they've been through? He offered Jack a shaky smile. "We'll f-find one today. I meanâ€| I t-think anything can happen." And he truly believed that.

He was seven, not stupid.

At that, Jack Frost smiled and held his friend close, a warm stirring in his chest and only realizing a little too late that as touching as this moment might have been, he should have been more careful with his emotions, especially after Hiccup started to shake like a wet dog as snow started falling all around them.

* * *

><p>So Jack dragged Hiccup out into the woods to find a dragon because he was getting worried Hiccup might stop believing in magic during their time apart (especially since Jack can't control his own powers very well and that he'd rather keep them hidden until he's sure he won't hurt Hiccup with them).<p>

-dies- I'm so sorry for this one.

3. Day 3

This time of day again, haha. Again, you guys are welcome to send me prompts~

This one's for ****thecrazyLaDiDa****! I hope you enjoy!

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><p>Day 3: Movies

This was supposed to be fun.

There wasn't supposed to be any gross sobbing and ironic little hiccups from the brunet and Jack wasn't even laughing at him because he was too busy blubbering loudly next to Hiccup and goddamnit this

was a kid's movie!_

It was sweet. That's how it started. Sugary sweet and wonderful like a child's daydream, enough for Hiccup to take Jack's hand through the early overtures and for Jack to squeeze his fingers gently in a shy response; and bittersweet like Sunday mornings filled with rain, the first inklings of the soul-tearing depression gathering at their eyes as the music slowed its rhythm and the first little quivers from Hiccup caused the other to abandon pride like a burning ship and throw his arm around his boyfriend, instigating the cascade of manly tears as the two teens bawled.

They must have been quite a sight by the end of the first ten minutes of the movie. *

Hours later, the credits began to roll, there was that weird feeling in their chests, a sort of soft wistfulness and gladness derived from the end.

Hiccup was the first to speak, shuffling from his spot nestled between Jack and the couch pillows. "Well that was â€|that was _something_ wasn't it?" Jack took one look at him and was torn between laughing at the sight of his face, attempting nonchalance despite his cheeks being pink from crying and eyes still very much red, and kissing away the stubborn little droplets that didn't seem to want to stop flowing.

So Jack settled for nuzzling the crown of auburn hair, holding the teen closer as he felt the Hiccup sigh against him. "Mhmâ€|Really something."

For Hiccup, he was a bit glad that at least he knew he wasn't the only one so strongly affected. After all, Jack was only ever _this_ _tender_ on special occasions. He gracelessly wiped away the gathering moisture from the corner of his eyes and settled comfortably against the other. "â€|Manâ€|" he attempted a laugh, the sound tripping in his throat and sounding more like an awkward squeak instead.

Nevertheless, there was no taunt or jeer from his boyfriend and wow, that movie must've hit Jack hard because usually Jack would be all over any chance to tease his boyfriend.

Andâ€|Hiccup guessed he could understand why. "What a life they must've livedâ€|"

Jack leaned back against the cushions, prompting Hiccup to rest against him. "Carl and Ellie?"

"Yeahâ€|" There was a faint warmth flooding to his face at the admission. But hey, it wasn't like they weren't both thinking it. Otherwise, they wouldn't have ended up so violently upset. Hiccup made a random gesture as he continued, "They were just soâ€|"

"In love?"

Those words caused Hiccup's heart to stutter. Though, no, it wasn't the words at all, not by themselves.

It was how Jack said them, breathed out in a sort of secretive way, a

quiet tone hiding away so much more.

They hadn't been dating long. A few months of proper dates and a year or so before that full of bad flirting attempts and teasings (they were quite difficult to differentiate) and acute obliviousness (and annoyance) from the other before the former made his intentions quite clear.

Their relationship wasn't perfect. No, their "story" wasn't winning an Academy Award any time soon. But it was theirs and Hiccup was happy to call it theirs and he really, really liked Jack when he wasn't being insufferable and still liked Jack even when he was. They laughed as friends and kissed like lovers and Hiccup found that as the sort of relationship he was comfortable with. A sort of relationship he was _happy _with.

But _love_â€|

There was a certain gravity to that wordâ€"an absoluteness that sank deep into his skin, his insides fluttering with a strange warmth while his brain was thrown in chaos and his heart flopped uselessly with agonizing, wonderful bliss.

But no, that wasn't something Hiccup wanted to bring up, not now, not when it was still far too soon. "Yeah," he laughed, genuine and maybe even a bit bashful. "It's kindaâ€|"

"Beautiful?" Jack supplied and yeah, wow, that movie must have really taken its toll because there was a weird look in his eyes as he gazed gently at Hiccup with an absentminded smile that had the brunet turning red in the face.

Hiccup swallowed and gave him a small smile in return before nodding. "Yeah. Yeah, it is." He wasn't surprised to find his lips a bit preoccupied not a second later, an adoring press of Jack's mouth against his own, that beautiful and happy feeling making his heart soar to the skies, farther than a thousand balloons could ever hope to take it.

Love is an adventure.

* * *

><p>* = yes, it was Pixar's Up.

Ermâ€|so I didn't know what kind of movie you had in mind, so here? Haha ^^; And _Up_ is one of my all-time favorite movies (I will seriously start doubting of the existence of your soul if you've never cried while watching it). The first ten minutes of it is enough to make you believe in true love and the despair of loss. I love it~

4. Day 4

Here's the fourth! Great thanks to **Neko Kets **for the prompt c:

Errâ€|there is no real relation between the actors and the characters, despite a name or two borrowed. Seriously.

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><p>Day 4: Show Business

"_So, Mr. Overland, have the rumors been confirmed? Are you and Mr. Hyse co-starring in the sequel for 'Rise of the Guardians'?"_

With an absentminded hum, Hamish glanced back at his laptop, the email visible on one of the open tabs. He wasn't sure if the rest of the staff caught wind of it, but he could definitely confirm those rumors. In fact, they were confirmed just three days ago from his agent after speaking settling everything with the producers.

His acting career had really taken off after _Dreamwork's _"How to Train Your Dragon" when he played the dragon-rider, Hiccup. He loved the role and felt at ease in Hiccup's character, making for a memorable performance that attracted a lot of attention from the movie industry. Of course, his favorite role would always be the scrawny Viking, but when the company called offering him a role for one of their upcoming movies, Hamish could honestly say he was very excited to work with _Dreamworks_ again.

"_Yeah! Just got a call from the producers three days ago that established his role in the film!"_

"Hmâ€|so that's your new co-star?" Hamish tore his gaze away from the TV interview and greeted America with a small wave.

America, or Astrid as most of the "HTTYD" fans knew her, sat down on the couch and handed Hamish his mug, coffee still steaming.

"Yup, that's him; seems nice enough, right?" Hamish replied, taking a small gulp. He winced at the bitterness but tried not to let it show too much; as great a friend as America was and as much as he appreciated her company, it wasn't exactly good acting that made his gagging so believable in "The Gift of the Night Fury."

She gave an appreciative eye to the actor on-screen, watching his animated gestures and enthusiasm. "Seems like you two have some things in common," she commented.

Hamish gave a chuckle. "I guess?" Having both started their careers from _Dreamworks_ and both commended for their outstanding performance in their perspective roles, the producers mentioned more than once that they'd make a good team for the "RotG" sequel.

He had watched "Rise of the Guardians" when it premiered and was impressed by Jackson Overland's connection with his character. In part to that, the brunet could say that "RotG" easily went down as his favorite movies that year. His mannerisms and reactions seemed so organic and genuine that he would have never guessed that "RotG" had been Jackson's first starring role.

Though he would have never guessed that not three years later, he'd be starring in the next film alongside him.

(Then again, he also would have never guessed that he would play as Gerard Butler's son either.)

Watching the interview drone on, Hamish gave a casual stretch; he was scheduled to meet with the cast and crew some time this month and figured it would be a good thing to (at the very least) superficially get to know his co-star. Though at this point, America seemed more engrossed in the interview than he was. Then, looking at the screen, Hamish could take a couple of guesses as to why; Jackson Overland's character "Jack Frost" had been quite popular with the audience for reasons besides his ice-powers and mischievous demeanor, after all. He gave a cough, drawing his friend's attention from the pretty actor. "I'm sure Hiccup would be _terribly _hurt seeing Astrid fawning over some frost spirit."

America rolled her eyes. "You just _love _to keep in character, don't you?"

Hamish grinned. "Habit." They had just finished shooting the season finale of "Defenders of Berk" after all.

"Mhm..." America brought her attention back to the interview, not bothering to deny the accusation; it was no secret that unfortunately, some people were only interested in Jackson Overland's character solely for the actor's aesthetic appeal. Still, at the very least, she could say she respected his good acting. "So, what's your impression of the guy?"

Thinking about it now, he wasn't really paying much attention at all. The brunet toyed with the mug for a moment before mumbling out, "Good; seems like he'd be cool to work with." Immediately, Hamish grimaced at the bland observation and decided that he still wasn't awake enough for this kind of thing.

"_So are you excited to work with Mr. Hyse?"_

Bringing the mug to his lips and mentally preparing his tongue for the unpleasant flavor to follow, Hamish noted from the corner of his eyes how unusually red Mr. Overland suddenly became.

"_Haha, yeah I am actually!"_

As Hamish took careful sips that had his face twitching to keep from contorting to a grimace, America watched on with the interview, noting the predatory look on the interviewer's face at Jackson Overland's physical response to the question. She shook her head though she allowed herself a smirk.

"_Oh? Any particular reason why?"_

And of course, Hamish was none-the-wiser.

"_I-I mean, I love his movies! Especially How to Train Your Dragon! He was amazing!"_

America fought back a snicker as Hamish choked on his drink; she gave him an expectant look, grinning as he withered and attempted to regain his dignity by sipping the coffee calmly. Years after the "HTTYD" franchise took off, Hamish was still quite modest; that was something America liked about him.

"_Oh, that can't be _all, _can it, Jackson?"_

The blonde gave a sigh as she could literally see Jackson's resolve crumbling on camera as the man gave an embarrassed laugh. Being the smart woman that she is, America shifted away from Hamish and started to count backwards from three.

"_Haha, I admit, I kinda had a crush on the guy ever since I saw him play as Hiccup."_

America mentally cued Hamish's spit-take perfectly, carefully dodging the burst of boiling liquid.

"_Oh, how romantic! When will you and Ms. Hyse meet to start filming?" _

Tongue burning, throat aching, red-faced, and definitely awake now, Hamish could only gawk as his brain, confused and confounded and absolutely _mortified_, tried to sort out what just happened on live television. "W_-WHAT?"_

"_This month, actually!"_

America laughed. "Well, _Mr. Hyse_â€|looks like your love-life just took a strange and unexpected turn."

* * *

><p>Hyse = Icelandic for Haddock. Because I'm bad with names.<p>

Part two of this will be posted tomorrow night! (because I took too much time researching names and other stuff OTL)

5. Day 5

Okay, continuing from where I left off on Day 4~

Warnings for cursing. Same warnings before as well concerning the names mentioned for this drabble set; the director isn't referencing Mr. Peter Ramsey either.

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><p>Day 5: Show Business Pt. 2

"_PLACES EVERYONE!"_

'_Okay, Overlandâ€|you can do thisâ€|'_ Jackson sucked in a breath before slowly releasing the air in a steady stream.

"_Director! There's been some delaysâ€|"_

'_You can do this, you can do thisâ€|'_ With that mantra running through his mind, Jackson Overland stepped to the peripheries of the

set, not even bothering to note the mass disarray that cluttered around him; after all, he had his own issues to resolve. '_Okay, it's fineâ€"totally fine! So- so _what _if Hamish probably saw the interviewâ€"or read that on the cover of some magazineâ€"or was warned by his agent to stay away from meâ€"and quit the movieâ€" '_

"WHAT!?"

Jackson groaned, smacking his forehead, once more ignoring the director and all the interns and staff scurrying about.

What had he been thinking?!

It was one thing to admit that Hamish Hyse was a great actor and that he had admired his work, but _outright declaring he has a crush on the guy?!_ Right after the interview, Jackson was torn between screaming and crawling under a hole.

"_Where isâ€"oh! Mr. Hyse, you're here!"_

Behind ice-blue contacts, honey irises widened and the actor automatically straightened his posture.

"_Ah, yeah, sorry for the delayâ€"_"_

"_No, no, it's fine. The rest of the staff isâ€"apparently running late, so I suppose we have a few minutes before we can start."_

Well. He was here. It was nowâ€"or never.

"_Oh? Well that's fine, it's good that I guess I'm not technically late then, haha."_

The way Jackson reasoned it out was: either A) Approach Hamish with the intent of clearing up the whole interview "crush" thingâ€"and risk sounding like a moron in front of him and instigate a world full of awkwardness between them and maybe even end up making an ass out of himself by saying that the whole thing was a joke...

Or option B) Play it cool.

Something that he enjoyed about playing Jack Frost was that Jack was confident. He had an air about him that, though seemed to rub others the wrong way, didn't make him seem easily flustered. It was mostly a façade, even for the character himself, but it kept a certain integrity about him and offered versatility to the character's actions and motives.

"_Well, hey, Jackson Overland's over there! Why don't you two meet up and get to know each other?"_

'_Shit.' _Swallowing the curse, Jackson evened out his breathing again, running option B through his head. So yeah, he could play it cool. He'd play it cool and won't bring up the interview unless necessary, and he'd speak with Hamish Hyse as equals. After all, he had been _dying _to meet the guy and one little blurb on an interview was _not_ going to ruin this for him. And hey, maybe by the end of the day, he and Hamish could be pretty good friends.

('_Or more than that. Yeah, 'more' is good too.'_)

With that, Jackson slipped back to his "Jack Frost" persona, gave a nonchalant turnâ€

and promptly froze like an ice-cube.

Jackson wasn't sure how long he stayed like that, grin stuck on his face and wide eyes aimed at a briefly confused Hamish Hyse, but he was pretty sure he at least managed to keep his mouth shut as his brain bluntly declared: '_Fuck. He got hot.'*_

.

Hamish knew that he was going to end up speaking to Jackson today. It was inevitable as they were co-stars after all. In fact, he was pretty much counting on it as he recited what he was going to say over and over again in his mind about the whole interviewâ€| "crush"â€|thing.

Though, that all practically flew south for the winter as the director ushered him to Jackson Overland himself. Just his luck.

Now, that was fine and all. Hamish was a good actor and he had shown that time and time again. But dealing with people _personally_ was on a whole 'nother level. He wasn't asocial; he was funny and witty with a bit of a dry side to his humor, but alwaysâ€"and it _never_ _failedâ€"but around certain times (like situations like these) he's just get a _teensy_ bitâ€|

Jackson grinned as the director spotted one of the supervisors and immediately fed Hamish to the sharks. "Hamish Hyse?"

_Oh no please don't leave. _

The other actor stuck his hand out and Hamish just stared at it like some alien tribute. "Jackson Overland," the actor introduced.

Awkward. Hamish tended to get a teensy bit awkward.

"Ah, sorry," Hamish muttered, giving a small smile and shaking the offered handâ€"_ 'Ice cold, how appropriate'_ seeing as Jackson was already in costume. "Jet lag, you know. It's nice to finally meet you, Mr. Overland."

Whew. Well, crisis temporarily averted.

Except Jackson was still grinning strangely and okay why did it suddenly feel like the awkward-meter just went up a few degrees?

"Ah, I think you can let go now." Jackson was still smiling though there was a hint of teasing in his eyes and it took a second for Hamish to register that well yes, it was probably a good idea for Hamish to let the man's hand go now and _wow_ how did he not notice he was still holding onto the guy's hand? "Not that I'm complaining of course," Jackson somehow felt the need to add.

Hamish dropped the appendage with about as much grace as the stuttering laugh he gave in reply. "I- oh uh, haha, wowâ€¦|sorryâ€¦|againâ€¦" "

"Jet lag?" Jackson offered.

"_Jet-lag_, right!" the brunet affirmed. He scratched the back of his head, hoping to draw attention away from that mortifying display back there. "Flight wasn't too pleasant with theâ€¦|"

"Storm?" the other supplied.

He gave a shrug. "Well, that too I guess, but I actually meant the crying baby that seems to follow me in every flight."

At that, Jackson gave a laugh and yeah wow, America would kill for this sort of attention right now. "Always, right?" Hamish gave a noncommittal hum before Jackson spoke again. "So how're things going for the sequel?"

"Well I just got here," Hamish replied.

Jackson chuckled. "I meant for 'How to Train Your Dragon'."

"Oh. Ah, great actually! We're finishing up production right now, so we're right on schedule for the showing in a couple of months."

"That's awesome!" The other actor was beaming now and right, the first "RotG" movie was correct in saying that his smile gleamed like freshly-fallen snow. Jackson gave nudge to Hamish's arm as he leaned in slyly added, "You think you can score me a seat at the premier?"

"I can try?" If Jackson was serious about it of course. "And how are things working out for 'Rise of the Guardians'?"

He gave a shrug. "Same old, same old: we're behind already on day: one, the director's bound to blow up at intern least once and will probably make him or her cry, Tiana's practicing talking to her CGI faries, Nick's looking for some lactose-free milk for a substitute, Sanderson's already in full costume so he won't be tempted to sneeze during his scenes, and I'm pretty sure Kozmotis is still trying to push through with his request to finally get character to wear some pantsâ€¦|and the rest of the cast, including Aster, are either stuck in traffic or their flights got delayed from the storm."

Hamish chuckled. "So nothing out of the ordinary, huh?"

"Exactly."

Awkwardness pushed aside, Jackson introduced Hamish to some of the cast: Nick was definitely imposing with his naturally large build, but every bit as jolly as North himself, Sanderson who ironically enough did not believe the "Silence Is Golden" virtue, lending to about ten minutes of introduction and small-talk, and finally, a very giddy Tiana (that they indeed caught talking to "her fairies" in rehearsal for her lines).

The woman seemed energetic and just as eccentric as the others, but she did seem to have this habit of looking between him and Jackson quite frequently and bursting into smiles not a second later. But Jackson seemed to shrug off the gesture, keeping a calm atmosphere about him the entire time.

Yup. Completely casual. Nothing out of the ordinary here.

'_So, this is good,'_ Hamish thought, watching Jackson wave to a sullen and robe-donning Kozmotis, evidently having failed in his campaign. '_Yup, Jackson probably said all that to get the hype going for the movie. Yep. Nothing to worry about. Nothing at all. And that's good.'_

And Hamish grinned to himself, not perturbed at all by the prospect.

He being a pretty good actor, he almost fooled himself.

.

It was around the end of the day that Jackson was able to see Hamish by himself.

When the rest of the troupe was rounded from all over the place, show business got serious. He had enjoyed today's shooting and although his character and Hamish's haven't met yet, he was still able to see the brunet time to time during breaks and scene changes. As expected, Hamish was a natural in his role and fit seamlessly into the plotline. It seemed to take little effort for Hamish to flesh out his character and breathe life to his lines.

So Jackson thought it might be a good idea to tell Hamish soâ€"even if it was just to get the other actor into that adorable little babble he seemed to fall into like he did that morning.

"Hey, you were great out there!" The smile he received in return was enough to remind Jackson that while he was still teasing Hamish a bit, yeah, he definitely still had a massive crush on the guy.

"Thanks, you too! Though, personally, I would've liked a second take for that one scene with the cat thoughâ€|" In fact, he had just finished cleaning the scratch marks now. "I think I prefer working with CGI; Toothless spoiled me."

Jackson snickered. "Of course nothing beats a Night Fury. And hey, c'mon, I was serious. You really take your acting seriously. That's one of the things that really caught my attention when I saw 'How to Train Your Dragon.'"

"I, uh, I'm glad you liked thatâ€"the um, movie, that is." Huh. Was Hamish's cheeks coloring from the compliment or from the heat of the room? Well, only one way to find out really.

And besidesâ€|Jackson figured he had enough of beating around the bush; at the very least, he could surmise that Hamish wasâ€|warming up to him. "Well I thought that the interview would have made that more than clear."

Yup, definitely not from the room. "Ah, oh, theâ€|the inter-_interview_?"

At that pitiful attempt, Jackson couldn't help but laugh. "C'mon Hamish, where're those great acting skills?"

The actor in question, though still red in the face, managed to respond with a dry, "Burned out from a whole day of running around, memorizing lines, grappling with a moody cat, and wearing a sweater in a really warm room full of fake snow?"

"Soâ€|you _did_ watch the interview?" Jackson continued with a grin.

The brunet rolled his eyes, though there was no real heat in the action. "Well I think we both know the answer to that." After all, he did just agree that he didn't exactly feel like putting up another show today.

"Goodâ€|now how about a real question?"

Now it was Hamish's turn to raise a brow. "Does it have to warrant a real answer?"

Jackson gave him another smile and Hamish was beginning to wonder if the guy was smiling like that on purpose. "I was kinda hoping it would."

"Well, I hope so tooâ€|" Trying to tongue-tie him, Hamish means. The actor shrugged. "So, what is it?"

And for the first time that day, Jackson seemed genuinelyâ€|nervous. "Are youâ€|okay with what I said?"

That in turn kicked Hamish's nerves up ten notches. "A-about what in particular?" When Jackson raised a brow and sent him a look that clearly read, '_You're kidding right?_' of course Hamish had a response ready: "Hey, I mean, there're a lot of interviews. Just trying to make sure we're on the right page hereâ€|" '_Or you know, try and stall for as long as possible._' Sue him, so what if it wasn't the best response? It was still a response at least.

He was smirking now and the brunet was definitely starting to wonder how this was going to end. "Oh, I dunnoâ€|about a certain lead actorâ€|admitting to have fallen for a certain co-star some years ago when said co-star appeared as a tiny Viking?"

Badly. This was going to end badly. "I don't recall you saying _anything _about 'falling,'" Hamish defended. "And it's not '_tiny_', it's '_muscularly_-_challenged_.'""

Jackson smiled. "Good, so you _have _seen the interview!"

Hamish really hoped that his red face could easily be attributed to the warm room and warmer sweater he was still wearing. "That'sâ€|a very likely possibility, yes."

"So, _are _you okay with what I said?" the actor pressed, mood definitely brightened even more by the cute display.

To Jackson's surprise, his reply came in more of a jerky nod of Hamish's head which was followed by the expected babble of, "I guess, sure I mean, it's not like Iâ€|ah have a say inâ€|what youâ€|_say_? _Feel_? I meanâ€|"

Yes, Jackson was feeling quite good right now. Very good. Not the sort of reaction he was initially expecting that day. Oh no, this was much better. And of course, that usually warranted a little celebrationâ€|"nothing wrong with that, right? "You wanna grab something to eat?" Okay, so Jackson was feeling just _a little _bit smug; but hey, successfully backing your favorite actor and crush to a corner, he figured was in good standing to be a little bold. "I know a place not far from here. Good food. Nice staff. Privacy."

It took quite a bit of effort not to burst out laughing at Hamish's blank look of shock. "Ahâ€|?"

Jackson gave a laugh. "You know, just in case someone recognizes you." Yes, he was well aware what that last item implied; he wanted to see Hamish's reaction to it nevertheless. And since the guy didn't automatically shut him out, there was a high possibility that the actor's answer would be...

"â€|_sure?" Hamish was pretty sure he didn't actually squeak that out. Pretty sure.

Yes, for Jackson this was going very well. "Great! I'll be out in ten minutes or so, let's meet up at the lobby?"

"_Sure?" Although the same couldn't be said for Hamish.

But that didn't seem to affect the other at all as Jackson offered a bright grin and mentally promised that he'd make up for the awkwardness and any discomfiture Hamish felt on their date.

"Awesome." Yep. He just scored a date with Hamish Hyse.

Very awesome.

"Sureâ€|" Hamish echoed, rooted in his spot as Jackson walked off, a certain spring in his step after having secured a date with his co-star. "Sure, awesomeâ€|sureâ€|" Hamish muttered, starting to walk in the opposite direction in a daze. Eventually, Hamish snapped out of his daze and the very first words he uttered were: "Oh God, what just happened."

Unbeknownst to the pair, not six feet away, the director gave a conspiratory grin to a befuddled intern. "Get the writers. We are _so_ writing that in."

* * *

><p>I admit, I spent more time on this than I usually have set for myself, but I enjoyed writing this one!<p>

*= sort of a reference as to how most of the fandom reacted to HTTYD2!Hiccup.

*= Dagur from DoB referred to Hiccup as his "muscularly-challenged friend" and it seems fitting; Hiccup seems more of a runt in build

than in height.

Ah, also I wasn't quite original with what Hiccup was playing in the set...so I borrowed a scene or two from I'll See It when I Believe It ^^;

â€|ahhh so sorry for this one ;;

6. Day 6

Day 6

Yup, I missed a day. Haha, oh well, I did promise myself a free day once a week, so I guess I've used that up ^^; And I have a test coming up, so please forgive me.

Based on a beloved children's bookâ€|that I read last year. Hahaâ€|and geez, sorry for the format...but this is the best this site can give me.

****Disclaimer:**** I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 6: Haiku

"Good-night, Toothless," you

Murmur and I'm pleased to hear

His name unspoken.

The strange boy, I mean;

The same boy that occupies

Your thoughts as of late.

The boy that startles

Us in mid-flight, disaster

Nipping at our heels.

The boy that whispers

Words that make you turn red from

Mere irritation

Or very likely,

Because he gave you a kiss

And left with a laugh.

The same boy who comes

And goes, taking death and ice
And joy and laughter
With him. I'm not sure
Which you would prefer; to me
He is "Trespassing."
The boy of Winter
I mean to say, that near took
Your heart, not knowing
That it was mine too.
But even then, there are still
Some things he can't have.
Our afternoons spent
In each other's company
In the forge, the coveâ€”
Soaring through the skies,
And dancing across oceans;
Sun to rising moon:
Where you go, I go.
It's natural as breathing:
My fire and your words.
"My Dragon," you say.
But ownership goes both ways:
You're also "My Boy."*
.
Hiccup:
I have to wonder
Why those two don't get along.
Fire and Ice don't mix
I suppose. But still,
I can't help but feel a bit

Responsible too.

.

Jack:

Territorial:

That's the first thing a dragon

Is. I learned that the

Hard way. I wonder

If Hiccup would believe that

He's this one's Treasure.

Probably not though.

He can barely listen to

Me say the same thing.

* * *

><p>Corny, sorry. Best I could come up with ^^;<p>

Toothless's last haiku was based around a haiku from "Won Ton", by Lee Hardwall. It is one of the cutest children's stories I have ever read. Ermâ€|sorry if it didn't exactly go with the 5-7-5 scheme; I don't think I properly checked these hahaâ€|

7. Day 7

Well, I've wasted about a day haha...sorry this one's late but I'll post on Sunday to make up for it ^^;

This one goes out to **rinokumura99** and again, sorry for the wait! It'sâ€|maybe a little different than what you might have expected, since I'm not at all familiar with this AU ;; but I hope you enjoy it nevertheless! It's uhmâ€|a little dark ^^;

**Disclaimer: **I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 7: Big Bad and Little Red

He was a pretty little thing.

He was smallâ€|oh that was _certain_, with his lithe body and boyish face, still young with eyes round with an appealing naÃ-vetÃ@ speckled across those glittering streaks of forest green, so fresh and deep and yet the color belied silent shadows deep within, unyielding, cold, furtiveâ€|

_Like these dark woods with their twisted oaks, suffocating depths,

and snaking vices, holding your heart prey to the little evils that lurk about, and run, run as you may, you can never escape, never find your path back to whence you came, and may only wander, wander so desperately and hungrilyâ€” ah_!

Such a pretty little thingâ€”much too tempting to ignore.

"_Are you lost, Little Red?" _andâ€”_oh_! How his darling supper burned such a pretty color, the angry flare in those mesmerizing green eyes and the scorching rouge splashed across his freckled cheek making him all the moreâ€”

appetizing.

Such a treat this one was! No, no perhaps not a meal, but a _delicacy_ worth savoring in every lick and bite, too _delicate_ to be gobbled up like messy morsels.

Even his words, dripping from his sharp tongue, provided a source of amusement as he approached closer, a strange thrill echoing in his bones at the reply.

"_Lost? No, I don't think so. Attempting to evade your unnerving attention? Perhaps."_

Big Bad stepped forward, eyes alight, a hungry smile curling across his lips. "_Your attempts seem to have fallen short."_

Oh, such fire! Such fire flickering in those once darkened irises while his movements, unbalanced and unsure, had this wolf _aching_ to lunge after his prey. Even then, his darling supper, the coquettish thing, seemed to be in the spirits for a bit of play before dinner. "_Maybe I've grown tired of this game of cat-and-mouse?" _

Oh, how he temptsâ€”but no, this was not between cats and mice.

_This was between Wolf and Boy. _

The Wolf sauntered to him, his nose catching the enticing fragrance of baked breads and sugary cakesâ€”and the addicting flavor of the boy before him. Something tangy, something forged and earthy all at once, a certain zest cloaked in red. "_And if I still wanted to play?"_

He scoffed. _"Then you would have snatched your prize a long time ago."_

Oh, not so bright, not at allâ€”but that was fine. The boy needn't know that wolves toyed with their food too. _"You should be more careful, Little Redâ€”"_ He stepped forward, near salivating as he watched those pretty green eyes widen _ever-so-slightly_ _with unease, discomfort, anxietyâ€”_"Awful things happen to those who have lost their way."_

â€”_Fear._

"_Then would you like to accompany me?" _ There was no stutter in his voice, but he could feel itâ€”the faintest sense of a quickened heartbeat, a slight hiccup in the boy's pulse. _"I've to meet my

grandfather, not too far from the glen, past these thickets." _

"_I could show you the wayâ€¦"_ And the Wolf stopped before him, leaning down to cast shadows before those green eyes. _ "For a price?"_ He gave a devious grin, baring white, pointed teeth.

But the boy stood firmâ€¦"resolute. _"Name your charge." _

Ice blue eyes glowed with a wicked light. _"I've beenâ€¦|_hungry_ as of late. Nearâ€¦|_starving."

The boy seemed to contemplate this for a secondâ€¦"just a secondâ€¦"before reaching a conclusion. _"I've some food for my grandfather, but whatever is left on my person, you may have it."_

"_Whatever is leftâ€¦|" _Yes, yes, not so bright at all; whatever is left on his person, _the wolf may have it_. "_I accept."_ _That includes the boy himself, no?_

He bowed to him, and it would have been so easyâ€¦"so very easyâ€¦"to take him now. Take him and pin him to the forest floor and decorate the ancient air around them, stirring the deathly silence with painted screams and splattered moans. _"Thank you. Please, lead the way." _

But the Wolf wouldn't.

He'd take his time with this one, for such an interesting prey he makes!â€¦"no supper has yet set him ablaze with such desire. So he led the way, drifting farther and farther from the glen the boy spoke of, thinking once more how pretty his boy makes draped in such appetizing colors and it made him wonder how much prettier the boy's own blood made against the billowing coat. Such a marvelous little treat!

All wrapped in red.

_How delicious. _

.

Little Red wasn't stupid. That was certain.

He wasn't quite sure if he could say the same for this Wolf. But as the predator led him farther and farther into the heart of the woods and closer and closer to his den, all the hunter could do was wrap the coat around him tighter, wondering if those sensitive ears could pick up the clinking of metal every step he took.

Then again, he himself had taken to painstaking lengths to ensure he moved in unison with the clatter of porcelain plates and silver knives.

"Whatever is left on my person, you may have it."

The aroma of forest air and green fields and the sweet scent of baked bread and sugary cakes were hopefully enough to mask the stench of gunpowder, and bloodied metal.

You, sir, are playing a dangerous game.

* * *

><p>Horrible deviation from the original story, yeah, that was odd ^^; But I thoroughly enjoyed writing it! Ermâ€¦if you disagree with it, I'll try again with a lighter rendition?<p>

8. Day 8

Okay, so two for today since I fell asleep and posted what was supposed to be last night's drabble earlier this morning ^^;

This one's for ****Valerie Kreiss****! Hope you enjoy!

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 8: Competition

In all honesty, when Hiccup had learned of the first challenge, he had nearly flopped down to the floor in relief.

Now he knew why his professors had that oddly pleased look on their faces that day when the goblet glowed blue and spat his name out to the air like week-old cod.

He had gotten looksâ€"oh yes, half the school was torn between thunderous bellows of, "_All right, Hiccup!" "Do us proud!" _ and various chants of his name; the other half was not quite so enthusiastic as the chorus of groans probably indicated. He was also quite sure he heard a rather interesting noise followed by, "_Fuck, we're getting represented by HADDOCK?!" _from one of the seventh-years.

But that was then and many rants and panics laterâ€"

("_I should have never let Snotlout talk me into putting my name there!")_

("Ohh the Gods must HATE me!")

_("Some people die in accidents, some in cold bloodâ€"me? No, I'll probably end up kicking the bucket with hundreds of people watching like it was part of some road-side attraction.") _

â€" he was here. Three days after the Hogwarts champion slipped the information during one of his moodier afternoons while trying to come up with the best plot in how to survive the unknown without getting maimed, broken, bruised, burned, or severed. Or evaporated. Or, well, you can imagineâ€"killed.

Back then, he must've been a sight to Jack Frost, the Slytherin giving him a strange look as the Durmstrang boy's face lit up at the mention of one magical word:

"Dragons," Jack had told him. "That's the first task."

He damn near _kissed_ the boy!

â€”_Near!_ Near. Because that would have been weird, awkward, and a whole lot of _wrong_ consideringâ€¦theâ€¦circumstances. Yes.

Again, back to the first task:

Dragons.

He watched in silence as the Hogwarts champion evaded yet anotherâ€¦close call with a particularly agitated Deadly Nadder, just barely managing to enclose himself in a wall of ice before spines bombarded the irate dragon's target. When Jack was in the Nadder's blind spot, Hiccup held his breath, hoping that the boy knew what he was doing.

Unfortunately not as Jack dashed backwards to gain distance between himself and the enraged reptile.

Hiccup shook his head.

Amateurs.

.

Jack breathed out a shaky gasp, clutching the golden little object, which had previously dangled precariously on the Nadder's spine. Cheers erupted from all around him as he was ushered to the medical tents to see to those nasty scrapes and bruises.

But that was fine. He felt great! (Except for the part where everything hurt.) But the adrenaline was taking care of that part in its own way. The adrenaline was definitely doing its job as his heart did this weird little stutter when he crossed paths with the little champion of Durmstrang.

Seeing the Hogwarts champion mostly unscathed (or at least, not mortally wounded), Hiccup gave him a nod. "Good job out there."

Nowâ€¦that was odd. Three days ago, the boy had been a nervous wreck but now, he was completely relaxed. It baffled the Slytherin, but Jack supposed that was a good thing; he had felt a little sorry for the kid since both he and the Beauxbaton champion had learned of the task so he let Hiccup in on the little secret. The guy definitely looked like he needed all the help he could get. "Thanks. Ah, good luck to you." He gave the boy a wry grin. "Well, not _too _much luck." As much as he liked the boy, he still wanted to win after all.

But all Hiccup did was give him a small smile and _okay wow_ was he looking just a bit more smug there?

(Confidence was a good look for him.)

.

In retrospect, maybe it was a bit unfair.

When they had drawn their dragons, Rapunzel, the Beauxbatons champion

had to face against a Hideous Zippleback while Jack braved a Deadly Nadder.

Hiccup, as luck would have it, drew a Monstrous Nightmare.

There were gasps, sure and maybe a look of worry Jack and Rapunzel shared for the ill-fated boy, but there was no doubt a look of relief that passed between them. But Hiccup accepted without a word which unnerved the other two champions even more.

Hiccup, being the last to go, entered the arena, the outraged dragon circling about and "oh, no, Hiccup recognized that stance, a cue for a Fire Jacket maneuver. There were shrieks and calls from the crowd, further irritating the proud creature and yeah, Hiccup could definitely relate to feeling of being under scrutiny, but the moment the dragon lit itself on fire would be the moment where Dragon training got serious.

The teen sighed and figured the best way to go about this was to calm the dragon down and to do that, something _definitely _had to be done about all that noise.

Hiccup had used the Imperturbable Charm* before, but not quite to the scale of the arena. But right now, he seemed more worried for the dragon than his odds of winning, especially when the beast's eyes narrowed, annoyance seeming to mask the anxious movements of the fire-breather.

Instead of blaring out the words, Hiccup murmured the incantation so not as to draw the dragon to him; he felt the magic stir from the tip of his wand, draining a good deal of his energy as the world around them fell silent. Perplexed, the Monstrous Nightmare scaled along the walls of the ring, expectedly surprised but at least not irritated.

Hiccup saw it then "the key. It hung from one of the horns, catching sunlight and near-blinding Hiccup from where he stood.

Right. Well, he had a task to complete.

Monstrous Nightmares were proud creatures and respect was an essential to gain its trust; looking away for even a second could disrupt the bond-making process.

"Easy, easy there " Hiccup approached the dragon cautiously, jaw tightening as the dragon's gaze fell on him; keeping eye-contact and cooing softly to the creature "and to the utter disbelief of the crowd "discarded his wand; the boy approached the dragon with an arm outstretched and confidence in his eyes. "I'm not here to hurt you. I'm not one of them."

Yes, he saw the scars, much too clean to have been made by another dragon, and the nervous behavior. This wasn't this dragon's first run-in with humans and Hiccup felt a pang of sympathy for the creature.

Still doubtful but intrigued by the strange behavior, the dragon scooted closer to the boy, eyes alight with curiosity. Hiccup smiled and continued his croons, unintelligible to human ears but more than familiar to the creature he sang for.

Lowering his head, the palm of Hiccup's hand met the scaly warmth of a snout and for a momentâ€”he was completely silent. Hiccup didn't dare look up, not to the Monstrous Nightmare, not to the crowd, but allowed a peace to settle between him and the dragon.

There was a warm breath against his skin and the slight rumble of a purr beneath his fingertips before Hiccup lifted his gaze to half-lidded eyes of amber, pleased to see the dragoness calm under his touch. Keeping his gaze with her, he made his way to one of the many horns adorning her head, snapped the string that held the key in place, and pocketed the object.

He gave one last affectionate pat to the dragon's snout before making his way out of the arena, calling out to the dragon to remain and thanking her for her time.

Well that was easy. Rolling his wand around on the ground and keeping it in a straight path to the exit? That took a while.

.

When Hiccup exited the charm's radius, he was near deafened by the crowd.

Of course, it was halved between cries of amazement and cries of disbelief. He was sure he caught his father grinning proudly at him from underneath that forest of a beard, and his professors unabashedly cheering right beside some very dumbstruck Hogwarts and Beauxbatons counterparts. Though, he was also sure that somewhere, his ears caught "_HOW IS THAT FAIR?! HE DIDN'T EVEN USE MAGIC!"_ and other cries of foul on his part.

Amid the mass of chaos after Hiccup finally picked up his wand and stowed it away alongside the key, Gobber found the teen and ushered him to the medical tents, laughing jovially. "Ah, yer a right boaster, aren't ye? Reallyâ€”ye made the rest o' the lot look ridiculous, goin' in there an' tamin' the beast without lifitin' yer wand!"

"Well, I did use the Imperturbable Charm," Hiccup corrected, but against himself, he grinned.

He caught Jack and Rapunzel both seeming to gape at him, a mixture of awe and utter shock about them.

That was kind of why Hiccup was startled the moment Jack blurted out, "How did you _do _that?!"

"That was amazing, Hiccup!" the Beauxbatons champion trilled.

"I uhâ€”thanks?" Hiccup scratched his head sheepishly. "And it's not that hard really."

"Righ', righ' easy fer ye ta say," Gobber chortled, slapping Hiccup's shoulder with pride. "There's a reason why they call ye the Dragon Conquerorâ€”"

"â€”_Trainer_, Gobber? It's _trainer_." Hiccup sighed. He thought he cleared that up.

"_Dragon Trainer_, huh?" Hiccup caught Jack's gaze and nearly groaned. "Interestingâ€|" He gave Hiccup a once-over and his grin widened. "Very interesting."

Yeah, Hiccup recognized that look. He'd seen it before in dragons and in people. In retrospect, maybe Hiccup was better off slipping under the radar; at least that way he was bound to get less tangled up in these sort of messes.

Especially when Jack was giving him a look, declaring that the Slytherin had just discovered an "interesting" challenge.

* * *

><p>You can think of the arena as the Kill Ring in HTTYD; the Triwizard Tournament is also being held in Durmstrang.<p>

*= Imperturbable Charm is used to _soundproof_ an area; not quite sure if it can work both ways by blocking off sounds, but let's just say that Hiccup's very good at "inventing" and modifying spells.

Hiccup didn't pick up his wand right after. That would have been seen as a threat, I imagine, so he just basically kicked it around without any indication of picking it up to keep the dragoness calm. Also, it's a key, not an egg, for a reason. Mainly because I might continue this AU and I have an idea for the second task hahaâ€|

(How did Hiccup know she was a dragoness? Beats me, he's the dragon expert here.)

9. Day 9

Haha, I'll be sure to continue with the Hogwarts!AU sometime laterâ€|when I have some sort of idea as to what I'm doing ^^;

For today, this goes out to ****SummersCrystal****! I hope you enjoy it despite my unfamiliarity with the AU ;;

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 9: Insight

People have said that to wake to the sight of your love's face every morning is a blessing.

But less have spoken so about the feel of soft skin, the sensation of fingertips dancing across every dip, curve, and bony edge of the warmth that resided by his side, the fluttering of a heartbeat and the quickening of a pulse that indicated, yes, his love was awake, and that was enough for Jack to pull him ever-closer and press soft kisses against his skin.

That, too, is a blessing.

People have said that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

But those words fail to paint the blinding flashes in Jack's mind as Hiccup gasps, sighs, moans, and screams to the cool bedroom air, every shuddering breath, every trill of a laugh, every heated argument and soft-spoken words of adoration bleeding into thunderclaps of pleasure and love—love, beating in his heart, threatening to burst as thin fingers scrape his skin and nimble hands grasp, clutch, and bruise his flesh—

Hiccup yelps and Jack staggers out his release, ears pounding from a mix of the _lovelust_ dancing down his veins and heightened sensitivity in his hearing from his vocal lover.

That, too, is something to behold.

People have said love was the darkest thing.

No, Jack can definitely say that it is not. Not when twisted little turns of fate suddenly extinguished the light from his eyes and left him to silently tread the shadows.

But he'd stand proudly, alive and bold, never to speak or bemoan the loss of what he once held in his grasp, before his vision succumbed to silence, and lived to treasure what life left him with—what life _gifted _him with.

Because, _Hiccup_ was worth treasuring; his heart a gift freely given and his love a lifetime of light Jack did not accept out of need, but needed out of love.

To love to the point of need, not to need to the point of love.

Jack took great pains to have Hiccup realize it was ever only the former. But to both, a love derived from the latter would only forge lead hearts— heavy and poisonous.

That, too, would be the darkest thing.

People have said that eyes are the windows to one's soul.

If that's so, Jack's would be a mirror instead—gazing emptily back with their pale color, not a glimmer of light flickering in his irises, though try as he might to imitate what he can remember of normal conversation and eye-contact.

But Hiccup says that he's being silly and no, those icy shades of blue do not and never will resemble lifeless mirrors that only disillusion in the end. No, he says that they're alight and alive with thoughtfulness, intelligence, and in their most tender moments, when Jack isn't afraid to gaze at the dark while listening to his lover's breath, Hiccup claims he'd seen the love-light in them too.

And perhaps, in that way, what people have said and what Jack believes are the same as well.

And while he mourns some days that he may never know the shade of green of his lover's eyes (_are they green like the budding leaves of spring after a long winter, or the rich ancient shades of sprawling

forests?)_ or ever know exactly how many freckles there are on Hiccup's cheeks, much less attempt to count themâ€”

It's not so bad.

Because he knows those eyes watch him from afar most days, a tingle shooting up his spine when he just knows the one his heart belongs to gazes at him tenderly, lovingly, not with the cautious worry that most others have scrutinized him with after the accident, but with admiration, affection, appreciation, desire, and most of allâ€”_love.

—

Because he knows more about his lover's gangly body than anything else and worships every inch of it, from thick, satiny strands atop his head to the smooth curve of his back, every scar, every stumble and fall that marked his skin from childhood adventures to teenage mistakes, his touch growing reverent towards the scars of his left leg and the sudden finish of a limb, what was once there but what Hiccup had long learned to live without.

It's wonderful.

His love's dry humor and tender touch, and for Hiccup, Jack's childish pranks and deep devotionâ€”something lovely, something unique, something cherished, and something beautiful.

Beauty, not found in a crooked smile, freckles dotting his skin, a rounded nose, and eyes flaring with determination and simmering with cool calculation, but rather in a silver tongue, a quick wit, a dedicated love.

Beauty, not found in a breathtaking smile, fair skin and fairer locks of hair, and eyes, ethereal in pallor, hiding away doubts and aches with a jovial flare, but rather in teasing words, half-infuriating-half-love-striking confidence, a faithful love.

He didn't needn't sight to know his beauty, nor his love's.

No, their love was beautifulâ€”he'd never need his eyes to know that simple fact.

* * *

><p>"A boy loves you because he needs you; a man needs you because he loves you**. "** I saw that quote a long time ago; it might have been from a song, or from fanfiction. Either way, this phrase is powerful and I've held it close to my heart for several years.

God, this came out so mushy Wellâ€”I hope you enjoyed it?

10. Day 10

So a friend of mine wanted feels. I bring you feels (hopefully).

**Disclaimer: **I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 10: "Sometimes You're Closer when You're Letting Go"

He had grown since the last time he saw him.

He wasn't the cute teen he met nine years ago, nor was he the tall and attractive young adult he left behind with nothing but a letter and his heart. He was twenty-five and stunning, hair neatly combed back and dressed handsomely in an expensive tuxedo, the traditional black and white formal ensemble that contrasted heavily with his blushing cheeks and nervous smile which only added to his charm. Jack knew he should have saved this compliment for the bride, but he couldn't help it:

"You look amazing."

He was startled; after all, he thought he was alone within the room he occupied in the small Berkian chapel. But when those eyes of viridian were wide with disbelief, confusion, and hurt, it was probably because he recognized the voice the moment he heard it. "Y-you're hereâ€|"

Jack's gaze found the floor before nervously meeting Hiccup's. "I'm here..." he admitted softly.

"Why?" And those pretty eyes were watering as the whisper left his lips, something like betrayal, relief, and sadness mixing into the question.

And what else was Jack to do but say the truth? "Becauseâ€|I love you. Andâ€|it's time that I let you go." That was what he came for, but he was already warned that such a thing was harder to do than anything else.

Hiccup shook his head, wiping any tears that threatened to fall with a sleeve. "Not even a proper goodbye, Jack? _Again?_" He tried to force a laugh, but it cracked at the end with a small sob as something inside the Spirit of Winter broke at the mere sound of it.

"Iâ€|I apparently never learn," he sighed, frustration and regret bubbling, fit to erupt at wrongs he could be too late to mend. "I'm here to fix that."

"Youâ€|don't seem ready," the brunet replied pointedly.

And he took a good look at Hiccup and he still saw that same teen from nine years ago, confronting challenges he was never truly certain of but willing to give everything he had. "Neither do you."

The man shrugged. "We all have to let go sometime, Jack."

"Then today's the day to do it," he agreed, but somewhere along the words, his will was lost within the tangles and turmoil of his heart.

"â€|I'm scared, Jack," he confessed.

And Jack was at his side at once, arms uncomfortably wrapped around the shoulders that he could no longer reach without floating. "Don't be. Astrid's a wonderful woman."

The returned embrace sheltered him wholly, the despair and solitude melting away from that everlasting warmth the boyâ€"no, manâ€"emitted as he shakily admitted, "I'm scared thatâ€"scared that I still love you more than I could ever love her."

"Shhâ€"c'mon now," he soothed, yet he knew in his heart that those words did more than reveal the man's fears; they eased the ache of years of heartache and mistakes. "Don't get cold feet," the Frost Spirit chided.

There was an annoyed sigh before Hiccup replied. "I'm serious, Jack."

"And so am I." Reluctantly, he drew away, a cold hand cupping a freckled cheek. His eyes searched through the depths of those irises of endless Junes, finding both agony and forgiveness, love and apprehension and Jack knew he could make things right again. "Look, I came down here todayâ€"because we both deserve to be happy, okay?" He brushed the stray tears that rolled hopelessly down. "Now, I won't lieâ€"I love you and have never stopped loving you. Not since the six years I left and probably not for another six thousand to this day. I love you." And that was the single most beautiful truth Jack could cling to. "But I love you enough to know that I can't keep you for myselfâ€"not when you have others waiting for you."

And then there was a hand holding his, bringing it close to Hiccup's heart where it fluttered beneath the Guardian's touch, for him, but not for him alone. "I love you, Jack. And I love Astrid, but never doubt that I love you."

The Ice Spirit leaned forward, tenderly pressing his lips to a tear-stained cheek. "Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love," he recited, pulling his hand to him, an icy kiss pressed to still-delicate fingers.

Despite the vibrant blush and small streams of tears traveling down his cheeks, Hiccup laughed. "Was that Shakespeare?"

"I ran into Cupid before I got here," he confessed.

The man gave him a wry smile. "Gave you directions, huh?"

"Yep." He looked to their fingers, still entwined after all these years. Giving them one last squeeze, he let them go. "She's waiting for you, Hiccup."

"I knowâ€"|" he murmured quietly. "I'm scared you'll leave again."

Jack shook his head and helped to pull the man towards the door. "This isn't goodbyeâ€"this isn't the end. Think of it as something else."

There as a shaky breath from the brunet as he considered it.

"Something newâ€|"

He nodded, smiling as he bit back the tears. "Yeahâ€|beginnings are strange like that, aren't they?" No, he didn't care if Hiccup saw him crying like a baby; this occasion warranted such a thing didn't it? "Now go, they won't waiâ€"

And how he missed the other's lips covering his own, the same tingles of love and pleasure dancing down his veins, the same fire that ignited sparks down his spine, the reassurance and the promises they both swore to keep, the sweetest pain, and the loveliest torture were found in his lips as they moved against his, burning the memory into his skin because this was the last, oh Jack knew, it was the last of Hiccup's kisses he would ever have. The brunet was panting heavily, cheeks streaked with tears and painted with shades of red as he murmured against Jack's lips, "_Oh continue to love meâ€" never misjudge the most faithful heart of your beloved.__Ever thine, ever mineâ€|ever ours_." And there came that last kissâ€"simple, wonderful, and brimming with love, the same love that swam in their eyes as Hiccup pulled away. "Beethoven," he informed with a sad smile.

There was a happiness that welled up from within, breaking through the sorrow. Something like a pleasant parasite that fed off of the love between Hiccup and his bride, something that made his heart pulse with joy rather than bitterness at their union, the thorny tendrils of love squeezing his bleeding organ as they recited their vows, as the words, "I do," left Hiccup's lips, as Astrid's covered them, and as cheers erupted from the church, his own shouts of bliss going out to Hiccupâ€"the lovely groomâ€"to take his happiness and do what he wants with it, because his happiness was Jack's.

Compersion, it was called. A gladness that derived itself from a former lover's elation. At least, that's what Cupid called it.

* * *

><p>Think of this as a divergence from the "I'll See It When I Believe It" canon. You can blame my friend for this popping up.<p>

-hides-

11. Day 11

****Neko Kets**** wanted something with cookies, glasses, hats, and magnets. I have no idea what to do so this spawned ^^;

****Disclaimer****: I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements

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><p>Day 11: Arbitrary

It was a rather forgettable afternoon in Hiccup's kitchen, just eating a plate of cookies (Oreos? Chocolate Chip? Peanut Butter? None of them could remember.) when Jack said, "I think I love you."

He was aware that he said it in such a casual tone that perhaps the greatest poets and dramatists would have gawked and outraged at such a tactless declaration, but no reaction could have topped Hiccup's as (the poor thing) had been in the midst of washing down the baked confection with milk and promptly downed and choked at the same time.

After an impromptu Heimlich maneuver, Jack joked to the wheezing and gasping teen that he would have preferred to do CPR. He almost needed it himself too, when instead of meeting an irate glare from darkened green eyes, he saw stars when a clumsy and _softsweet_ lips claimed his own and retreated far too early for Jack's liking.

.

Jack _really_ didn't like Hiccup's glasses.

Not that he'd ever say that to his face of course. And it wasn't because the frames hid away those pretty green eyes and definitely not because the sharp angles made Hiccup look different (older, more serious) either. No, it was because it made dive-bombing his boyfriend a kiss much more difficult.

"I've told you before not to do that," Hiccup chided, and yes, Jack was very much aware of the unsaid '_Idiot_' that his darling so graciously left out, whether in wariness of his boyfriend's injured pride or because he knew he needn't say anything for the other to feel any more ridiculous than he already did.

"_Excuse_ me for trying to be romantic," Jack grumbled.

There was a weird look on Hiccup's face like he was trying to decipher some sort of alien language. "What part of you grabbing my head while I'm doing homework and attempting to smash our faces together is romantic?"

Jack wasn't pouting, no matter what Hiccup would say later. "The part where our lips meet?"

Hiccup smirked. "Sure, sweetheart." Jack scowled because yes, that was definitely an insult as the brunet pressed the ice against Jack's reddening eye. "Just make sure to aim a _little_ lower next time."

.

"Did you really have to do that?"

"Do you really have to be _this_ annoying?"

"What? No! It takes true talent to actually get a physical response out of you."

"Really. Hats off to you for trying."

No heat in Hiccup's voice and the pain already simmering down to a dull ache, one would think Jack would have learned that the whole _literally taking his breath away_ jibe Jack would bring up whenever someone asked how they got together wasn't the brightest thing to say

whenever Hiccup was within kicking distance.

.

Hiccup probably didn't have a single romantic bone in his body.

His boyfriend was sweet, yes, and it was fun watching him try to fumble and stagger around this new "relationship" thing like Bambi on ice, but even then, maybe they had been friends for so long that Hiccup couldn't readily differentiate between a normal gesture between them as a normal touch or as a romantic one unless Jack literally had him breathless against his mouth and hands splayed wherever hands wouldn't normally be in with a platonic relationship.

They were lovers and best friends and really, maybe to Hiccup the line was a bit blurrier than what Jack had in mind.

That, or, heaven forbid, Hiccup was just that oblivious.

But Jack was pretty sure that wasn't the case. Hiccup was a smart guy—intuitive, perceptive with a wit as sharp as the words he wielded like throwing knives.

Maybe he just wasn't romantic.

That would have been disappointing, yes, because Jack was a right ol' sucker for cheesy little things like holding hands and cuddling during a movie—all of which has been done with Hiccup, but not without a look of confusion or skepticism passing through his expression.

But still: it was Hiccup that he wanted to do those things with and no one else so if his boyfriend didn't actually feel like doing silly things like that, but would tolerate it for Jack's sake, that was pretty sweet in his own way too.

Opposites attract, or so they say.

Even then, Jack knows his affections are far from unrequited, their love far from lopsided in what Jack gives and what he receives.

Because on chance intervals, he'd find those green eyes on him, a tenderness glowing behind them that's quickly covered, silenced with an averted gaze or a swift turn of the head; chance intervals where Hiccup would cuddle closer in Jack's embrace and would put his ear to the other's heartbeat, enjoying the quickened tempo; a chance interval where it was Hiccup who pulled Jack in for a kiss, one stormy day after they had just ran across campus, through mud and angry winds that carried off their umbrella and rain pelting them thoroughly, because Hiccup knew Jack was a romantic sucker and he wasn't really complaining either of how Jack refused to let go of him and they just stood and kissed like that for a solid nine minutes.

Yeah, it was at least comforting to know that Hiccup had it just as bad for him as he did for Hiccup.

* * *

><p>In all honesty, I find Jack to be more of the romantic than Hiccup.<p>

12. Day 12

A side story to **Hora Somni** so hahaâ€|it might be best if you read that one before reading this one ^^; This sort of explains some things about the Hooded Figures.

Aangelik asked for an explanation in Hora Somni about Hiccup's mother and I decided to explore that a bit more.

Disclaimer: **I** own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 12: Lullaby

"Hush, my sweetâ€|"

"Baby, close your eyesâ€|"

"Darling, go to sleep"

"Don't listen to Their liesâ€|"

"_To my sonâ€|"_

"Please, don't shiverâ€|"

"Please, don't be afraidâ€|"

"They can hear your heart quiverâ€|"

"Even as you prayed."

"_Do not listen"_

"Rememberâ€|"always remember:"

"â€|"Even when I am not hereâ€|" "

"That every Decemberâ€|"

"You must not show fear."

"_To this tired old songâ€|"_

"Oh, my poor, precious babyâ€|"

"You must laugh, you must play!"

"But do not make them angryâ€|"

"And choose wisely of what you sayâ€|"

"_And believe it will keep you safe."_

"Cover your ears; death embraces belief"

"As wicked words can lead you astray;"

"Do not show thanks; do not show grief;"

"And never give them a reason to stay."

"_It will not. It cannot."_

"Oh my dear, darling boyâ€|"

"Your eyes grow heavy by my songâ€|"

"Sleep now and dream of innocent joyâ€|"

"They are coming soon; They won't be longâ€|"

.

"_Oh, my darling sonâ€|"_"

.

"I'm sorryâ€|I can't make Them stopâ€|"

"I'm sorryâ€|I can't make things right."

"I can still remember how my heart droppedâ€|"

"When your father opened our door that one winter's nightâ€|" "*"

"_Had I only known!"_"

"A simple act that lead to so much moreâ€|" "

"He doesn't rememberâ€|"he doesn't knowâ€|" "

"That when he opened the doorâ€|" "

"He let Something in apart from wind and snowâ€|" "

"_Of these cruel games They play!"_"

"A heartless soul and eyes of glassâ€|" "

"Eyes that found your darling faceâ€|" "

"And sought to steal you from my grasp"

"And to Their devil's embrace."

"_I'm sorryâ€|"_"

"Hush now darlingâ€|it will be okayâ€|" "

"They cannot hurt me and you will be safe."

"I'll be here with you come the next day."

"And sing again after you wakeâ€|"

"_I was wrongâ€"! "_

* * *

><p>*= old legend that some creatures cannot enter a threshold without being "invited" in. On a cold winter night, Sten Haddock awoke to vigorous knocking on his front door. When he opened to check the source of the sound, he found nothing but howling winds and snow. Or so he thought. _

Confusing? Sorry hahaâ€|

13. Day 13

Whoops, sorry for the lack of updates, even though this is supposed to be a "daily" drabble x.x I've been lacking motivation hahaâ€| this one's an old writing challenge that I used to do: one-sentence stories but I guess I sort of strung them together.

Hmâ€|running out of ideas; prompts anyone?

****Disclaimer:** **I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

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><p>Day 13: Storyline

Young**:** Jack was six, Hiccup was eight; tag was their gameâ€"one always chasing after the other and as one tripped, the other one tumbled after him.

Pun**:** _They both _fell_ in love.

Episode****:** **It would happen from time to time that Hiccup's eyes would look to fallen snow, a small, heartbroken smile on his face as a distant memory could no longer reach him.

Perfect:**** Jack never cared much for that word: he'd much prefer crooked smiles, freckled cheeks, and hesitant but honest kisses because that word and all its meaning couldn't possibly compare to the boy in his arms.

Stunt:****It might've been a play, but Hiccup was pretty sure it wasn't just Shakespeare behind Jack's words and stage directions weren't behind the passion in that kiss.

Time:****It might tear them apart, it might mean a lifetime of loneliness (and for a Guardianâ€"a lifetime's could very well mean eternity), but Jack wouldn't trade a second of their love for anything else.

Wondering:**** Hiccup had always been an inquisitive child and never hesitated to question perspectives, ideals, and constitutions, so it was only natural that when his best friend suddenly decided he wanted them to be more than that, the first thing he said was "Sure";

the "Why?" came second.

__Luck: __"For luck," Jack had said as Hiccup reluctantly closed the distance between their lips.

__Cuddling:__ It wasn't that Hiccup hated cuddling—he loved it, in fact—it's just that Jack has this nasty habit of attaching himself to Hiccup like a damn leech the first few hours of sleep and kicking him off the bed some hours later.

__Original:__ "Yeah, sure; **__Frosty_**—haven't heard that one before," Jack scoffed as Hiccup carefully sculpted Jack's likeness onto their snowman.

__Night:__ Five love bites, four buttons missing from Hiccup's shirt, three prodding fingers, two pairs of pants strewn across the floor, and one bed.

__Smoke:__ The threats were usually empty; no matter what Jack did to piss off the other teen, Hiccup would **__never_** use Toothless against him—all smoke, no fire.

__Fathers:__ Stoick took one look at the pair and sighed, torn between giving his son "the talk," and giving his son's boyfriend **__THE_** talk.

__Continue:__ It was quite difficult to stop, what with Hiccup trailing kisses along his jaw and down the curve of his neck, but the towering shadow that descended upon them and Hiccup's terrified squeak of "**__Dad!_**" instantly killed the mood.

__Echo:__ He'd lay his head on Jack's chest and listen to that soothing cadence, knowing that his own thrumming heart pulsed along with it.

__College:__ Jack rather enjoyed his Physics Lab; he assures you, the **__cutehot_** **__TA_** has nothing to do with it.

__Option:__ There was a reason why it took Jack months to get Hiccup to agree to go on one date with him, despite many years of friendship between the two: Hiccup didn't take too kindly to being someone's second choice, someone's last resort.

__Dreams: __It was a good thing that to convince him, Jack had no shame in admitting that he'd been having wet dreams of Hiccup since he hit puberty—and in love with him since he was eight.

__Dragons:__ As odd as it was, Hiccup could draw certain parallels between them and the Winter Spirit: both renowned for their danger and their hostility to their enemies, but both also were creatures of fun and folly, oversized housecats in need of love and affection to keep them happy and out of trouble.

__Snow:__ Jack could name two things that Hiccup and snow had in common: their biting characteristics and the fact that Jack loved them.

* * *

><p>Haha, I'm running out of ideasâ€|<p>

14. Day 14

Okay, so this errâ€|Is a bit strange haha, but I'll do my best ^^;

This one's for ****SummersCrystal ****and ****Neko Kets****! Hope you both enjoy!

Warnings for language.

****Disclaimer:**** I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

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><p>Day 14: Expected

"Hiccupâ€|don't look nowâ€|" But of course, when someone says something like that, any normal person's reaction is to do the complete opposite. "_Hiccup_" Fishlegs hissed. "I said not to look!"

The brunet sighed, facing forward at the other's prodding. "If it's Ruffnut again, I'm telling you, maybe you should reconsider yourâ€"

"No, no, it's not _her_!" Hiccup raised his brow and attempted to turn once more, but Fishlegs was quite adamant about keeping them moving towards their next class in quickened and nervous steps. "Hiccupâ€|" the boy whispered after several steps, "It's _Jack_."

Despite the other boy's mounting anxiety (and the way he squeaked out the other's name like some horror-movie hell-beast), Hiccup rolled his eyes. So what? It wasn't like their school was huge or anythingâ€"they were bound to cross paths with the resident hellion some time or another. Jack, who had a reputation of being a Grade-A prankster, Five-Star delinquent, and inclined to this nasty habit of messing with the wrong sorts of people (stuffy teachers, older students, Vice Principal Mr. Kozmotis), he means.

Of course, the resident Environmental Club and Student Council Presidents were warned to stay away from him. The latter of the two slowed his steps; it was still lunch after all and the bell wasn't scheduled to ring for another fifteen minutes. "Fishlegs," Hiccup started, not even bothering to correct himself of slipping Finnegan's unfortunate childhood nickname out loud, "It's _fine_. I don't think he'll bother us."

Fishlegs wasn't usually one to argue against Hiccup's logic; after knowing the older boy since kindergarten, he had always known Hiccup to be intelligent beyond what a book could teach, but he chanced a look back and when he spotted Jack staring (just _staring_) at Hiccup with this quiet intensity (along with a not-so-comforting-grin-to-any-unsuspecting-passersby on his face), Fishlegs guessed that yes, Hiccup _can_ be wrong sometimes. To save his friend from whatever imminent doom encroached, the blond boy

bolted from his spot and dragged a yelping Hiccup with him across the hall and towards the corridor to their lockers.

Fishlegs prided himself in being a good friend, even if it did earn him a heated glare from the highest ranking member of the student government. "Fishlegs, what the hellâ€"!"

"Hiccup, he was _right there_ an-and he was just, just _gazing_ at you like-likeâ€"!"

The poor blond couldn't hold a sentence as an impatient tap on the shoulder froze him on the spot.

"Excuse me."

It was rather interesting for Hiccup, and yes, he knew that he should have felt sympathetic for his long-time friend, but watching the boy shakily turn around with a look of blank terror on his face was strangely amusing.

Especially when there's this little sound of fright that barely made it past the other's throat as, yes, he realized that it's Jack (no shit) with that familiarly mischievous grin on his face. Ignoring the look of abject horror (because even if Jack wasn't all that scary up-close, it's still damn embarrassing to have been caught in the midst of talking shit), Jack simply asks, "Can I get a moment here?" and indicated with a jab of his thumb to Hiccup. As for Fishlegs, while the look on Jack's face read of shallow politeness, there was a look in those ice-blue eyes that told him to '_gtfo'_.

Fishlegs managed yet another terrified squeak and immediately sent Hiccup a pleading look. Jack, standing there between them, glanced amusedly as Hiccup shot them both a look of exasperation before inclining his head towards the exit, motioning for Fishlegs to leave.

There might've been a prayer of thanks breathed to the high heaven from the blond as he scurried off.

And that left two.

As expected though not quite thoroughly prepared as he should have been, Hiccup managed to somewhat brace himself as he was pretty much pushed up against the lockers, Jack's arms on either side of his head and okay, yeah, the invasion of personal space was surely imminent. And maybe it's just now that what Fishlegs was trying to warn him became quite clear because, yeah wow, the brunet couldn't say he was a big fan of that weird glint in Jack's eyes. Nevertheless, Hiccup returned his stare evenly with a bland look, one that he hoped eloquently conveyed his blatant message of "What do you think you're doing?"

Jack just laughed and leaned in close, close enough for Hiccup to feel the heat of his words fanning against the shell of his ear. "We still on for tonight?"

Hiccup suppressed the urge to groan. Figures he'd have a one-track mind.

The brunet rolled his eyes but keeps his mouth shut and promised

nothing too binding. He simply gave a curt nod and tried not to jump when Jack trailed a thumb from his cheek down to his jawline; yeah, nope, still cool, still calm, even as a fingertip traced the outline of his bottom lip. Yeah, it's all good.

Besides, it was quite easy to stay aloof under that irritatingly and unnervingly smug gaze; he wasn't quite sure if Jack would take that as a challenge or not.

But Hiccup was already fighting a losing battle. It amused Jack to find the Student Council President bothered like this. He pressed a bit closer, just to see if he could score a blush from the brunet. Of course he does, but that doesn't make him any less proud of himself for making those freckled cheeks turn a lovely shade of pink. Too lovely to spoil with any teasing, for now.

(He might get the chance to do just that tonight, after all.)

It was quick and Hiccup was still a bit startled from the previous action to react in time to the brush of another's lips against his skin, but by the time his brain caught up with what just occurred, Jack was already pulling away, the very same self-satisfied smirk on his face. "Ten tonight, ya here me?" To anyone else (so thankfully no one else was around) that look on his face would have been labeled as anything but innocent. The downright lewd-looking grin didn't help much either. "Any later and I'll start without you."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and, again, simply nods.

Whatever. He'll get it tonight.

.

"FUCK YOU HADDOCK."

Hiccup tried stifling his laugh but he was pretty sure his mic transmitted the sound as he KSD Jack for the fifth time that night, his champion dominating; ah, well. He'll just ignore Jack's grumblings about it being a "_waste of an ulti_."

* * *

><p>First try on PNAU ^^; The last part was based on one custom game my sister and her boyfriend played on League of Legends. She kept KSing him the entire time, just to get him mad c:<p>

Kinda made it Delinquent/Student Council President AU insteadâ€|hmâ€|ah well~

15. Day 15

School's keeping me pretty busyâ€|so these aren't exactly daily anymore hahaâ€|but I'll keep trying ^^;

This one's for ****thecrazyLaDiDa ****and her list of AUs for me to try out~ I hope it all goes well! I uhmâ€|did a small variation of sorts, so I hope that's okay.

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot

elements.

* * *

><p>Day 15: Misinterpret

They met years ago.

Jack was only there for the summer, but he had seen that boy. He'd be by himself, but he wouldn't cry, not out of loneliness, not out of the teasing and jeers sent his way.

A "Hiccup," he was called.

But that was strange to Jack, strange that kids wouldn't play with him just because he was odd. So on his last week on the tiny island, he spoke with him, hoping to make at least one other person happy before he'd leave and maybe gain a new friend and someone to look forward to seeing again when he'd visit.

Jack learned pretty quickly that Hiccup wasn't without his own set of quirks. He moved around clumsily as they walked, like his thoughts were disconnected from his actions and even his words seemed to form in a strange haste, like his whole body was in jitters. But Jack didn't really mind. He liked the company and liked that Hiccup could both listen and talk to him so their walk was never silent.

And Hiccup would follow Jack around, laughed with him as they'd play, pretend, and went around the forest, exploring jungles or finding lost treasureâ€”acting out their daydreams and ideas and sharing a day of fun. Hiccup tended to talk a lot and Jack tried to listen to most of it (because while he's really creative, the smaller boy had the tendency to babble) but he had this unfortunate tendency to overlook things like hanging branches, tree roots, and rocks, so Jack had to catch him as he stumbled over stones and cross the tiny creeks that ran through the woods.

But Jack liked that. He liked being needed and liked having someone to talk to, someone to listen. And he liked "Hiccup." He liked the boy's green eyes and freckled face and the way he used his entire body in a conversation, even though they seem to be saying different things. He liked how Hiccup looked at himâ€”_only _at him and he liked that because he was only looking at Hiccup too. But, undeniably, Hiccup was a bit slow in keeping up, so he held out his hand for the other boy to take, his fingers wrapping around the other's unsure hold.

It felt funny, holding his hand. He was warm, really warm and no, Jack didn't mean Hiccup's hand. He meant himself. His whole body. There was this happy little feeling rushing through him, something that made his smile widen, little chills running down his spine when those green eyes brightened and the smallest hints of a grin made its way to the other boy's lips. It was strange, yeah, but he felt comfortable, just being with this boy, even though it made him oddly conflicted with the strange want to be closer and the stranger feeling of being happy where he was. His heart was oddly conflicted too because it was beating fast but Jack wasn't running, he wasn't playing yet, but it thudded along to a little song for his new friend.

It was nice. He really liked this feeling. But it was all so easily forgotten the moment Jack looked down.

It was the briefest little flash at the very center of his chest; it blinked and pulsed with the iridescence of red, a flickering flame alight right through his skin.

It was terrifying.

What happened? What did he do? They were talkingâ€”talking and laughing and he liked this boy, this "Hiccup"â€”he really did.

But this boy was weird. This boy, with the glowing red heart that pulsed right through his ribs. This boy, who gasped and staggered back and looked to Jack with confusion and desperation for an answer like _Jack _was the one who did something wrongâ€”like it was _his _fault that this happened.

Was this why no one else played with him? Was it because of this?

This boy who looked at him with hurt as Jack broke from his trance, looked to himself, and gaspedâ€”accusation, disbelief, _fear_, _anger_ in his young blue eyes at the mirroring flares of light in time with his own racing heart.

"_What did you do?"_

"_I-I don't knowâ€”"_

"_How did this happen?!"_

"_I'm telling you, Jack, Iâ€”"_

"_Stop!"_

"_But Jackâ€”!"_

"_Stay away from me!"_

Jack didn't like that look. Like Hiccup had just been stricken across the face.

But at the very least the little glow, that flickering flame in his heart, died.

And something in Jack broke at the sight, something in his heart aching to see the light go out, but at the same time, Jack didn't careâ€”he didn't care because he came here with the boy to have fun and play games because the boy looked so lonely by himself, always left out from the other kids' games because he was too small to join or because he was too weird to be around.

Now Jack knew why.

He remembered running after that. Running as far away from the weird boy and the weird thing that happened to them.

He ran and didn't bother to look back, but there was this clenching feeling in his chest, a tightness that he knew he could blame on that

boy, squeezing his heart until it fractured, leaving tiny trails of broken pieces down a long-forgotten road.

.

A week later, Jack went home.

Three years later, he realized what had happened.

Eleven years later, he was still searching.

.

They met one winter.

More than a decade later of mistakes and missteps and years of wondering and wandering of and for his heart's other half.

But there was no more room for misunderstanding, no mistaking that head of auburn and those summer-shaded eyes. How fitting that he'd find him again, sitting alone, a faraway look and daydreams aloft in his mind.

But he found him. Found him once more after years of trying to remember, trying to forget, years of the pain in those green eyes haunting his thoughts and dreams, years of hoping, wishing, and praying they'd meet once more to make amends.

He was here.

"I'm sorry."

And then those widened eyes were on him once more—"only_ him. And that was somewhere Jack could start.

They were quiet for a few seconds. The boy—"man—"searched his expression, the brittle fog of childhood passing over his eyes before they were sparked with understanding and a silent hurt before he finally spoke in return.

"Me too."

Something in Jack ached at that.

"Do you—remember—"

But his tongue turned to lead and he floundered for the right things to say. _All those years ago? What happened to us? When your hand touched mine and when my heart fluttered, felt warm, safe, and happy and I don't know if you could call it love then, but did you feel it? Did your heart sing for mine like mine sang for yours? _

_Did you remember how I overreacted? How I lashed out in confusion? Anger? Fear? _

_Did you know back then? That we were meant to be and the one person who would have loved you most ran away from you? Rejected you?

—

"—"Me?"

There was a smile on his face, quiet,
solemn.

(Pained.)

"Always."

But Jack hadn't cared because this was the boy he had been waiting years to find, his one, his heart's only and he had been scared, so, so scared that Hiccup had forgotten, had gone through his life without a clue as to who was there, waiting for him, waiting for them to meet and make things right. Waiting for them to find one another and belong.

With tentative fingers, Jack grasped Hiccup's hand once more and all those feelings long burned beneath years of misunderstanding and regret surged back, his heart erupting with radiance and color a burning and brilliant shade of blue.

And Hiccup looked on, sympathy and nothing more in his eyes, his own heart lightless and silent to the other's heartbreak.

* * *

><p>I want to justify Jack's reaction when he was a child. Sure Jack wouldn't have done something like that for many people, they can say that it was out of character for him to be frightened away by Hiccup just because his heart started to glow. But Jack was young. Mentalities change. It might have been okay if it was just Hiccup that was glowing, only Hiccup as the strange one, but Jack pretty much saw it as Hiccup *infecting* *him* with some weird sort of well I guess you can call it a disorder. It may seem strange and interesting for an older person to observe and even partake, but that sort of occurrence is bound to instill fear to someone who has never seen nor experienced it. It's even worse for a child.

err sorry if this one was really bad ^^; I don't really know this AU all too much.

16. Day 16

Another prompt from ****thecrazyLaDiDa****~ (Again, I really hope I don't butcher this)

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>*Day 16: Duet*

It opened with staccatos in the other teen's laughter that first noxious spark that thrummed in his chest when he met this boy, something there. Something in the quickened tempo in his veins, mounting with an unsteady crescendo, ending in an earth-shattering blare that subsequently threw his rhythm off-balance. And maybe his heart too.

Young love was like that, after allâ€”an allegro of days dotted with clumsy passion and shy affections, or love-bites and too embarrassing to wear without scarves or collared shirts and hand-holding to and from everywhere, and yes, it was too sweet, a lovely little romance they had with unbidden promises and unspoken sacrifices that had yet to collect their dues, the nocturne played in triple-time with too smooth legatos, too vivid, too perfect that it left them out of breathâ€”a bright star collapsing upon itself.

It was their dissonance silenced their love with an abruptness that left Hiccup's ears ringing and his chest aching. But his fingers continued to glide across ivory keys, once steady hands refusing to acknowledge the irritating falter in his movements, how the notes, bar lines, and staff blurred together as a bitterness stung in his eyes, while his heart's broken beat receded to a dull drone.

He was young. They were stupid. It couldn't have been what he once thought. It was not worth a requiem for something that was never there to begin with.

And so he'd play and play, the mastered and lonely songs floating to the air and catching only the night air.

.

It was strange how instruments could channel so much of one's thoughts and feelings to their performance. Passion drove the audience to fascination, gravity transferred anxietyâ€”

â€”but _ah_, it was undeniable _sorrow _that moved their hearts.

Concert halls, orchestras, symphonies, solos, and years passing by without a single glance back, green eyes keeping focus and moving forward with each practiced piece, every sight-play. He was no doubt skilled, surprising for his hands which had their fair share of chaos and creation.

But the vivace of encouragement receded and yes, that was new to him too because no, Hiccup had never stopped from passion wearing thin, but stopped when passion grew cruel and ugly, a fortissimo ill-timed, words spat out in anger, wounds left to fester, a love diminished by foolishness and missed keys.

Hiccup foresaw thisâ€”a coda, a respite from formal suits and crowded halls and lonely stages. He needed his rest and needed it now before he lost himself in melodies and cacophonies forever.

.

It should have not been so surprising to see Jack again. Despite all these years apart, despite the different paths and different lives they chose, they could not keep from their origins, their homes, the stage of their introduction.

It wasâ€”awkward. To say the least.

As awkward as one could imagine. A tension existed, filling the air of silence between them. There was no ill-will from Jack and he could offer no bitterness between them; some days, Hiccup wished he could

say the same for remorse.

But Jack had always been the confident of the twoâ€"forward, wanting, never to hold back. But he was nervous now, unsure where he stood, both in Hiccup's presence or in Hiccup's eyes, perhaps too difficult to see that Hiccup was in the same predicament.

Because it had been so long and Jackâ€"Jack was wonderful. As short as their time was in comparison to the romances in ballads and glorified verses, he had known that. And Hiccup had enough respectâ€"for himself and for Jackâ€"to step back and step away should Jack's heart belong to another.

Hiccup had long gotten used to playing solos.

And so he began to perform once more, those lovely and mournful notes drifting off to winter nights with none as an audience, of a romance ended too soon, of a love that blossomed too fast and withered so, of mistakes the cannot be undone and fragments of what was once whole that a song could not mend; for the hearts that never played in tune.*

But when he ended one day, his rhythm was once again thrown-off by the unmeasured tempo of clapping.

It might have been slightly unnerving to learn Jack had been listening to his songs for quite some time. Even if it did come with the embarrassed confession that he had listened to all of Hiccup's pieces.

Before he left. During his absence. After he came home. Jack had had selfishly kept something of his with him. And for those long years they did not speak, but Jack had long learned to listen through piano notes.

And judging from that yearning, sweet, and loving kiss Jack gave him, he learned to listen very well.

.

It had taken him so longâ€"so long_ to find that song once more, to fall back into its cadence like Jack's warm embrace, to feel this loved and to be this certain of anything.

And he'd give his heart, his life, to this one manâ€"no longer the boy he left behind, no longer the reckless youth he fell in lust and fell out from love. But instead, every morning, he'd fall out of bed, into a hapless heap, courtesy of his loving husband's irritating sleeping habits. And Jack would wake to the clatter of bones crashing to the floor and Hiccup's yelp, his unabashed laughter contagious despite Hiccup's grouching and bruises.

And Hiccup's heart sangâ€"overtures everlasting. Of Jack, of their love, of what is theirs.

* * *

><p>I borrowed a few musical elements from my other fic, "I'll See It when I Believe It" and *= lyrics from "Aubrey" by Bread ("*For the hearts that never played in tune*").

17. Day 17

Iâ€|am so sorry for the lack of updates the past few days. But I can hopefully get back to a more regular schedule. For now, here's this jumbled-up mess c:

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 17: Asylum

"_Jackâ€"Jack! Can you hear me?!"_

A sliver of entropy invaded the mute little world. A muffled noise, like the anguished cry of a lover betrayed, like the screams of a child denied of a parent's attention and affection, like the howl of some lonesome creature to bemoan the loss of what cannot be (perhaps a love and a destiny that is out of its pitiful reach). And maybe that is all too romantic. It was a muffled noise, like a disgruntled voice interrupting the day. It was nothing significant. Because the small shatter of silence that tore through the paradigm was quickly sewn back from its ripped seams and the shards of the norm retrieved from the shiny floors and placed back to where they originated.

"_Please say something! Anything at all!"_

It felt strange, walking through the forest again. Sunlight dotted the ground, the beams reaching the forest floor from between leafy treetops. A welcoming breeze swept through, rustling the leaves and grass as though the wind attempted to rouse the sleeping wilderness into activity early in the morning.

Gravel crunched beneath his feet, one leg moving forward after another devoid of any real sense of direction but driven just to keep moving. It wasn't an anxious feeling, but something pulled him towards a small clearing, nearly hidden away with gnarly roots and broad tree trunks that idly stood guard. He paused, his eyes never leaving the small sliver of light that penetrated from beyond the woodsy barrier. Moving forward once more, he crept past the forest's grip into the open air of the clearing, feeling something akin to relief flood his body. Tall blades of grass tickled his knees as he swept across the field, small wildflowers bending and swaying as he brushed past.

He took notice of a single, large oak in the very core of this secret place. Feeling nothing more than curiosity and another emotion that he couldn't identify at that moment, he blissfully set off to investigate anything of interest that could lie in such a place.

"_Someoneâ€"anyone! Get help!"_

And time crept forward; the incidentâ€"had it really happened to begin with?â€"left but a murky stain behind its tread. That was okay. This room had no place for such ugly marks that mar its otherwise

perfection.

A flicker of a memory passes through his mind, but he ignores it. He doesn't think of how he ended up here, or where he was, or even what time or what day it is. He seemed incapable of showing any genuine care for such things that now seem so trivial in the face of this matterâ€”of this strange monument that he's oddly drawn to, waiting for himâ€”|

"_Jackâ€”Jack stay with me! Stay with me!"_

Calamityâ€”breaching the walls and cracking the edges of this small sanctuaryâ€”_!_

But then nothing.

There is peace now.

The body grew still, almost in reluctance despite the familiarity of the present occurrence. Now nothing exists.

And that malignant thought is left to other skies.

He stops for a moment, almost skidding to a halt in his abruptness. His eyes widened, though he felt nothing but reprieve and the sunlight kissing his back. Surprise did not come. Curiosity did not come.

There was nothing but a passing breeze that softly swept the hair of auburn out of a sleeping boy's face. A Boy, not much older than himself, asleep against the loving embrace of the mighty oak's roots, head resting against its sturdy trunk.

He had to admit that He was a handsome thing, but it was unnerving (at least it should be) that he felt as though He belonged there, like His dreams were too precious to be awoken by such an imperfect reality, like His purity remained in this nature and needed to be safeguarded from the taint of industry and urbanization, like He was free here and was meant to be free always, away from where he tread fromâ€”from what he is.

He took a cautious step back, careful not to wake Him.

He cannot be responsible for destroying thisâ€”for destroying Him.

The grass murmurs about him as he edges farther and farther away, his eyes never leaving the slumbering face of the Boy he feels he must protect.

The infestation simmers quietly, and before he knew it, there was yet another break. There was a sound, much clearer, much sharper; a high-pitched wail slicing through the little haven about him and soon there was a harsh light that his eyes that he had never particularly focused on before, and he's terrified because suddenly there's movement and so much of it that it almost haphazardly flashes through his mind, too fast for his fatigued brain to follow.

Then he hearsâ€” the shuffles of rubber soles against a linoleum floor, the staggering staccatos and legatos of pants and gasps around

him, and there was never so much noise now that he's beginning to feel as though these stimuli are far too much for his over-stimulated and hypersensitive senses.

"_Is he stableâ€"can he make it?"_

-.-

The day slowly darkens, but whether it is impending rain or if it is simply a large, cottony cloud that the sun hides behind, no one is sure. The sleeping Boy does not stir and that is all that matters. Soon the taller patches of grass shield Him from his view and all that can be seen is the towering oak amongst skies of blue and a sea of green.

He starts to fade as he retreats back to the forest.

And the slumbering boyâ€"

his eyes opened.

* * *

><p>Odd? I may explain this one later. Or not.<p>

18. Day 18

Oh Lord I just know I'm going to muck this up. But here I go ;~; For you, ****highgreenbunny ****and your request! And my sincerest apologiesâ€|

****Disclaimer: ****I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 18: Foreplay

"I can't _believe_ I let you talk me into thisâ€|" The last thing Jack saw was the slightly miffed look and mortified glare from his lover.

At that, Jack settled against the headboard, bare skin against the cool surface. "I'm the one bound and blindfolded here and _you're_ complaining?"

"Yes, because _you're_ _enjoying it." And to his delight, despite his boyfriend's grumbling, Hiccup straddled his lap. Naked.

Jack gave a chuckle and a raised brow. "And you're not?"

"I would be if this little deal came with a gag." Judging by the acid that laced his words, Hiccup probably didn't mean that in the fun way. So his lover wanted to play like that, hm?

"Oh, _please_." Whether in breathless incredulity or in breathy response to the rather suggestive request, Hiccup wasn't entirely sure. What he was sure of, however, was that with a gag, maybe he'd miss Jack's voice after all.

And whatever quip Jack had in store for his reluctant boyfriend promptly fled his mind at the slightest stutters of movement above him. If that wasn't a stroke to his ego. "I can feel you tremblingâ€|c'mon Hiccup, tell me," and just because he could, Jack gave Hiccup that irritating little smirk that usually drove his boyfriend through the wall with irritationâ€|or through the mattress in need. "Is it the view or are you starting to rethink that gag idea?"

Hiccup knew better than to play into Jack's ideas of "seduction." Even if they did work.

(Just a tiny bit.)

And really, what was he supposed to think, let alone do when he came into their room with the lights dimmed and Jack leaned back on their bed, shamelessly naked and displaying the nylon rope like some sleazy, nighttime infomercial.

(Hiccup probably shouldn't have told Jack the only badge he had successfully earned in Boy Scouts was for rope-tying.*)

But, just as well, Hiccup knew when to amp up the game. After all, this was Jack's idea and Jack asked for it so nicely. "Actually, I'm starting to rethink this entire thing." Jack snorted at the nonchalance of Hiccup's tone; that was quickly replaced by a gasp as calloused fingers trailed across the sensitive expanse of his neck, skittering across fading bruises and bites delightfully made mere hours before. "I mean really, what's so interesting about being tied upâ€|" A restless hand snaked to dyed tresses while busy fingers abandoned the littered skin for unmarked territory, pressing lower and lower. "I suppose there's an element of fear in thisâ€|" To Jack's eternal embarrassment, it was more of a moan that escaped his mouth than a gasp when Hiccup suddenly yanked his head back, warm lips ghosting over his jaw line and throat.

"Hiccupâ€|" Jack squeezed his eyes shut, breathing growing more and more erratic. All the while, those damn fingers danced down his body, lingering on his chest and stomach but refusing to attend to moreâ€|pressing needs.

"You've surrendered controlâ€|and now you don't know what's going to happenâ€|" A hot breath fanned his ear. "Your mind feeds you ideas of what's comingâ€|" The warm press of skin against skin, chest and chest, sex to sex. "Your nerves are on fire trying to figure out what's nextâ€|" And finally, finally those cruel wonderfulteasingmaddening fingers gave a generous pump to his aching member. "And I know how you don't like the heatâ€|" And cruelly withdrew all but a single fingertip to tease the weeping slit. "But you can't really do a thing about it, can you?"

With a jerk of his head, Jack twisted about blindly, trying to silence that devilish mouth and wicked tongue. Preferably with a searing kiss. But all he met was the still air and a careless laugh. Worst yet, Hiccup wore that malicious little grin that Jack didn't need eyes to see.

"All talk, dear? Gets boring, doesn't it?" Why yes, Jack did congratulate himself for a job well done in articulating that

coherent retort.

Hiccup rolled his eyes at the mocking endearment. "I thought you liked my mouth open." A rather heady kiss and Jack's eager lips and tongue were enough to confirm the statement. But being the forgiving and considerate boyfriend that Hiccup was, he refrained from snickering (too loudly) as Jack whined and chased after his lips when they parted. "Well?"

Jack considered a scathing remark in return but instead made a lascivious show of wetting pinked lips, a lewd smile tugging at the corners of his kiss-bitten mouth. "Show, don't tell, darling."

That was a challenge if Hiccup ever heard one.

* * *

><p>Haha, first thing I write after my slump is "well this. XD;; Wow I am so sorry this was not worth the wait ;; And I apologize for the failure to meet my goal...but ah, life gets in the way, hm?"<p>

*= this badge is known as the Pioneering Merit Badge. "The knowledge of ropes, knots, and splices along with the ability to build rustic structures by lashing together poles and spars."

-falls back into hibernation-

19. Day 19

Note; Please read: I was feeling really down. So this happened and I thought 'hey why not?' and made the move to post it. Just like Chapter 10, this diverges from what happened in 'I'll See It when I Believe It.' This is the variant wherein Jack and Hiccup's love-life took a bitter turn. Elements from previous chapters and some taken from 'I'll See It when I Believe It' are mixed in here. Again, it's sorta bitter. But this is another look at what their ending could have looked like (if I were somewhat cruel enough).

AGAIN, THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN IN THE ORIGINAL STORY.

But you're welcome to think on it.

Also, for those who requested or suggested a drabble, I'll work on those, I swear it! ;w; things are just kind of hectic right now and this one refused to stay silent.

Disclaimer: I own nothing but a laptop and certain plot elements.

* * *

><p>Day 19: Bittersweet

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"_You are my heart, my life, my one and only thought." " Sir Arthur Conan Doyle_

-. -

****Winter.****

It perhaps began with the unease that mingled in the air, a soft bitterness that dripped across fervid and tender actions from stolen moments into the night. Perhaps it was with the way his grip trembled with desperation against pinked flesh that made the teen's mouth gasp in delight and pain, the way his lips and teeth bore marks down and across his face, neck, and chest, wherever it could reach, wandering to blemish his own brand of perfection to his lover. Perhaps it was the way the ice enclosed around them in possessive passion, the hues of frost and fire melding together and melting into the sensations of love, ardor, and worship that shamed the shades of starlight.

In the back of Hiccup's mind, amongst the tangles of frenzied kisses and teasing tongues that slid against his skin and the way his legs wrapped around Jack's hips to keep him close as each thrust burned pleasantly through his body, gently, roughly, hasty, and torturously slow enough to let his sanity dangle by tiny spider-threads, there was something he needed to say, something _important_

There was a muffled cry, Jack swallowing Hiccup's scream as the younger slipped further and further into the Guardian's hold, something that once threatened to break away, utterly subdued by daunting devotion and avaricious affection.

There was a gentle smile from Jack, met with a light kiss from the sixteen year old boy.

And it was all right again. Sleep poured out his mute melody in the silence of night, eyes of blue watching the light slip away from glittering orbs of a shy shade of viridian. A content sigh fluttered from his lips and Jack eased the troubles from his sight; it was something he was accustomed to.

He wasn't blind; he saw the looks and the bashful gazes Hiccup returned. But the teen was honest when he gave the Spirit of Winter his heart, too honest, too trusting, too sure in his actions despite the unknown that lie ahead and the certainties that do.

He still had his love's heart, his sweet smiles and shaky laughs, his hundreds of freckles that dotted his skin to trace with light fingers in the morning, and locks of auburn to slide his fingers through in the afternoons and to grip in the passions of night. Still had Hiccup, his heart, his everything

But during the day when the teen covered his marks with the worn scarf and when his eyes lit up with friendly affection and budding uncertainty when he meets the girl from Physics B, Jack fell into a despair like none other at the thoughts of how long he was allowed to hold them before they were wrenched away.

But Hiccup would return, his fidelity unfailing, and greet Jack with a happy kiss and a warm hug and it would be okay, a bandage on a breaking heart.

****Spring.****

He was slipping away, he was sure of it.

Broken dates, lost time, busy days, hectic nights, final exams, research papers, half-hearted apologies, and half-assed excuses.

Grown up. It was the same as before, but somehow different

Because he stood, at eighteen, two inches above Jack. He still had the same goofy smile with his permanently crooked teeth, but the edges of his eyes began to crinkle and his laugh had this deeper baritone to it than from the days when his voice would occasionally crack. Jack could still wrap his arms around him but the teenâ€"no, _adult_â€"filled out of his gangly frame and now he couldn't rest his head atop the mop of brunet strands without Hiccup bending down.

Spring brought the brightest of days to the earth, but also heralded the most rain.

And one rainy afternoon, Jack saw them together.

That childhood friend of his that was visiting, the girl with fierce blue eyes and pretty blond hair that seemed to understand Hiccup more than most (but never, _never_ like Jack could) and judging from her shy temperament that contrasted so heavily with her fiery personality, Hiccup only seemed pleasantly baffled at her light blush and her nervous gaze trained on his excited eyes as he regaled to her his amazement at the college visit he took to that university in Norway that he had applied to last winter.

A university she was interested in attending as well.

And something in him ached, something beyond heartbreak at how wonderful they looked together and how perfect everything seemed, how too, too fast it was coming, and how unfair it all was that they seemed to get their happy endingâ€"

but where did that leave _him_?

It left him with a ghost of a smile as Hiccup turned away from her and to the Winter Spirit and there in his eyes were the remnants of something beautiful that they have, something that neither of them wanted to leave behind, but Hiccup was so bright, so, so very bright that he couldn't ignore how busy Jack became when he gained more and more believers with every passing season and how his visits used to span for weeks and then dwindled down to days and hours a time, how much love there is between them and how much more of everything else that to came betwixt.

Because their little world was crumbling and it wasn't just _them_ anymore.

Growing up never pained him more as the day Hiccup awoke to an empty bed in an empty room, devoid of the familiar cool breath against his skin and the murmurs of winter to lull him back to dreams, the sunbeams glistening from the window as the storm came to pass, droplets of rain and tears smudging the note Jack left behind.

"_I love you. Goodbyeâ€"because I love you."*_

****Summer.****

He had grown since the last time he saw him.

He wasn't the cute teen he met nine years ago, nor was he the tall and attractive young adult he left behind with nothing but a letter and his heart. He was twenty-five and stunning, hair neatly combed back and dressed handsomely in an expensive tuxedo, the traditional black and white formal ensemble that contrasted heavily with his blushing cheeks and nervous smile which only added to his charm. Jack knew he should have saved this compliment for the bride, but he couldn't help it:

"You look amazing."

He was startled; after all, he thought he was alone within the room he occupied in the small Berkian chapel. But when those eyes of viridian were wide with disbelief, confusion, and hurt, it was probably because he recognized the voice the moment he heard it. "Y-you're here!"

Jack's gaze found the floor before nervously meeting Hiccup's. "I'm here..." he admitted softly.

"Why?" And those pretty eyes were watering as the whisper left his lips, something like betrayal, relief, and sadness mixing into the question.

And what else was Jack to do but say the truth? "Because" "I love you. And" "it's time that I let you go." That was what he came for, but he was already warned that such a thing was harder to do than anything else.

Hiccup shook his head, wiping any tears that threatened to fall with a sleeve. "Not even a proper goodbye, Jack? _Again?_" He tried to force a laugh, but it cracked at the end with a small sob as something inside the Spirit of Winter broke at the mere sound of it.

"I" "I apparently never learn," he sighed, frustration and regret bubbling, fit to erupt at wrongs he could be too late to mend. "I'm here to fix that."

"You" "don't seem ready," the brunet replied pointedly.

And he took a good look at Hiccup and he still saw that same teen from nine years ago, confronting challenges he was never truly certain of but willing to give everything he had. "Neither do you."

The man shrugged. "We all have to let go sometime, Jack."

"Then today's the day to do it," he agreed, but somewhere along the words, his will was lost within the tangles and turmoil of his heart.

"I" "I'm scared, Jack," he confessed.

And Jack was at his side at once, arms uncomfortably wrapped around the shoulders that he could no longer reach without floating. "Don't

be. Astrid's a wonderful woman."

The returned embrace sheltered him wholly, the despair and solitude melting away from that everlasting warmth the boyâ€"no, manâ€"emitted as he shakily admitted, "I'm scared thatâ€"scared that I still love you more than I could ever love her."

"Shhâ€"c'mon now," he soothed, yet he knew in his heart that those words did more than reveal the man's fears; they eased the ache of years of heartache and mistakes. "Don't get cold feet," the Frost Spirit chided.

There was an annoyed sigh before Hiccup replied. "I'm serious, Jack."

"And so am I." Reluctantly, he drew away, a cold hand cupping a freckled cheek. His eyes searched through the depths of those irises of endless Junes, finding both agony and forgiveness, love and apprehension and Jack knew he could make things right again. "Look, I came down here todayâ€"because we both deserve to be happy, okay?" He brushed the stray tears that rolled hopelessly down. "Now, I won't lieâ€"I love you and have never stopped loving you. Not since the six years I left and probably not for another six _thousand_ to this day. _I love you_. " And that was the single most beautiful truth Jack could cling to. "But I love you enough to know that I can't keep you for myselfâ€"not when you have others waiting for you."

And then there was a hand holding his, bringing it close to Hiccup's heart where it fluttered beneath the Guardian's touch, for him, but not for him alone. "I love you, Jack. And I love Astrid, but never doubt that I love _you_."

The Ice Spirit leaned forward, tenderly pressing his lips to a tear-stained cheek. "_Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love_," he recited, pulling his hand to him, an icy kiss pressed to still-delicate fingers.

Despite the vibrant blush and small streams of tears traveling down his cheeks, Hiccup laughed. "Was that Shakespeare?"

"I ran into Cupid before I got here," he confessed.

The man gave him a wry smile. "Gave you directions, huh?"

"Yep." He looked to their fingers, still entwined after all these years. Giving them one last squeeze, he let them go. "She's waiting for you, Hiccup."

"I knowâ€" he murmured quietly. "I'm scared you'll leave again."

Jack shook his head and helped to pull the man towards the door. "This isn't goodbyeâ€"this isn't the end. Think of it as something else."

There as a shaky breath from the brunet as he considered it. "Something newâ€" "

He nodded, smiling as he bit back the tears. "Yeahâ€"beginnings are

strange like that, aren't they?" No, he didn't care if Hiccup saw him crying like a baby; this occasion warranted such a thing didn't it? "Now go, they won't wait!"

And how he missed the other's lips covering his own, the same tingles of love and pleasure dancing down his veins, the same fire that ignited sparks down his spine, the reassurance and the promises they both swore to keep, the sweetest pain, and the loveliest torture were found in his lips as they moved against his, burning the memory into his skin because this was the last, oh Jack knew, it was the last of Hiccup's kisses he would ever have. The brunet was panting heavily, cheeks streaked with tears and painted with shades of red as he murmured against Jack's lips, "_Oh continue to love me" never misjudge the most faithful heart of your beloved. _Ever thine, ever mine"ever ours_." And there came that last kiss"simple, wonderful, and brimming with love, the same love that swam in their eyes as Hiccup pulled away. "Beethoven," he informed with a sad smile.

There was a happiness that welled up from within, breaking through the sorrow. Something like a pleasant parasite that fed off of the love between Hiccup and his bride, something that made his heart pulse with joy rather than bitterness at their union, the thorny tendrils of love squeezing his bleeding organ as they recited their vows, as the words, "I do," left Hiccup's lips, as Astrid's covered them, and as cheers erupted from the church, his own shouts of bliss going out to Hiccup"the lovely groom"to take his happiness and do what he wants with it, because his happiness was Jack's.

Compersion, it was called. A gladness that derived itself from a former lover's elation. At least, that's what Cupid called it.

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"_Free to be, free to age, free to fade, free to stay, free to fly away. Because love lives anyways." "

M.A.D._

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****Autumn.****

"Let me see her, let me see her!" Jack peered excitedly into the crib only to be lightly shoved away before his excitement started a whole mess of crying. The father plucked the baby from her confines and the Ice Spirit's eyes positively glowed with excitement.

"All right, all right, sheesh!" Hiccup rolled his eyes. It was hard to believe Jack was supposed to be eighteen rather than eight. He looked down to the precious bundle in his arms, little fingers grasping the folds of her blanket. "Be careful now!" he warned as he gently handed her to the bouncy teen.

Said bouncing stopped at once as Jack's face lit up with awe and adoration, holding the little one close to his chest and admired the small miracle. "Hiccup"she's _beautiful_, he breathed, eyes gazing gently at her tufts of blonde hair, baby-pink skin, and adorably chubby face that seemed to concentrate on keeping her precious eyes closed.

"Yep, takes after her mom," Hiccup admitted proudly.

Jack wanted to disagree; no, she was beautiful just like her father. He smiled to himself at the thought, swaying in place gently. "Can Iâ€¦can I hold her just a bit longer?"

The man shrugged, grinning as the Guardian beamed. "Of course."

And Jack continued to smile, cuddling the baby close and hoping that his body temperature wouldn't seep through the cozy cover. He didn't know when he started doing it, but after a while, he began to rock the baby girl softly, humming a familiar tuneâ€¦_their_ song. And if Hiccup noticed how the melody sounded suspiciously like memories of night-time showers and mid-day grocery shopping, he didn't say a word.

It was something almost magical and Jack felt his heart lurch as thin eyelids fluttered like butterfly wings to reveal eyes of summer gazing curiously at her captor. "â€¦Hiccupâ€¦she's looking at me."

There was a chuckle, a tired and happy one that didn't seem surprised one bit. "Well, of course. She takes after her daddy too," he declared with a satisfied grin.

And Jack laughed, pure and genuine as it was in years, lightly bouncing the baby against his hip. "Look at herâ€¦ah, this'll be great! When she's old enough, I can show her how to throw snowballs, make her first snowman, go sleddingâ€¦"

The man frowned. "Hey hold on now. She's _my_ daughter you knowâ€¦"

"It's my season, yanno." Jack rolled his eyes and continued to rock and sway, keeping the baby from the thresholds of boredom. She didn't seem to mind one bit.

"Of course it is Jack," Hiccup replied and if Jack was right, his voice definitely contained traces of sarcasm. He dearly hoped that she inherited her father's marvelous sense of humor. "Stillâ€¦give her time, would ya?"

At that, the Winter Spirit's lips quirked to form a grin. "Yeah, sure. No need for you to be jealous." He calmed down and it was almost peaceful; the baby's eyes began to droop once more as Hiccup readied her crib for bed and Jack utterly entranced by the wonderful little child of his Hiccupâ€¦until the baby squirmed and loosened the blanket. Unfortunately for Jack, due to his excitement, cold could only be an understatement to describe his body temperature. The first of little blubbers erupted before her daddy was at her side, wrapping a familiar scarf over her.

Hiccup sighed. "Keep that around herâ€¦baby skin is sensitive."

"R-rightâ€¦" Unsteadily, he held the bulk of cloth and baby again, finding her displeased expression at the movement restriction entirely adorable. He grinned, cooing at her once his arms were steady. "It's okay sweetieâ€¦Uncle Jack's gotchaâ€¦" She seemed to

calm upon Jack's unsteady offering of an old toy—a little bear of pure white and black button-eyes that held more precious memories than it did stuffing.

Hiccup chortled and raised a brow at the Winter Spirit, any comment on the gift unnecessary. "Uncle Jack?"

"Yep." he affirmed. "I am her Guardian, right?" he demanded.

Hiccup resisted rolling his eyes. "Right." As if he needed to ask.

Then the Ice Spirit became quiet, almost nervous as he hesitantly met Hiccup's gaze, holding the baby close. "And I'm still yours, right?"

There was a soft smile on his face before Hiccup leaned down and pressed a light kiss to Jack's forehead. "Always," he promised.

And from behind the nursery's door, Astrid strained her ears to catch the laughter that spilled from her husband's lips as he cradled their baby girl, a ghost of a long-lost lover dancing in his memories as he introduced their child to naught but the moon's eyes.

She always knew, despite his love for her, love for their daughter, love for them, a large part of his heart belonged to someone long gone, someone's name that he still whispered in the coldest nights and when the first flurries of snow drifted down from the skies, when the first frost flowers bloomed without fail every year at the birth of winter.

But that was okay.

She sighed, and as always, let her husband be. Because he loved her and she loved him and sometimes, second place wasn't so bad.

****Fall.****

Every year, he grew frailer.

The fragile teen blossomed before his very eyes and as time trudged on, he withered as well. That didn't deter Jack one bit. Every winter, he would take Hiccup's hand, no matter how shaky it had grown, no matter how liver spots overtook the once-vibrant freckles, and how glittering green eyes dulled to a glow of wisdom from a lifetime of missteps and discoveries. And even as auburn hair slowly faded to a shade that rivaled his own, even as Jack had to slow his steps so that he could showcase this year's creation with half zeal and half worry because while Hiccup never complained, certainly many elder folk had more than their share of things to say regarding the bitter cold and brittle bones, even if Jack had to help push Hiccup in his wheelchair, that'd be okay.

Because he was still Hiccup. The same boy from when he was fifteen and awkward became the same man he was at eighty and venerable.

He lived a good life, three kids and four grandchildren that both he and Jack adored to bits. And though that revered brain of his sometimes slipped, a name or two mixed in confusion, a face or some

other forgotten, a wrinkly smile would form and something sparked in his eyes whenever Jack came around, someone and something between them that never failed in memory, as the Guardian of Fun paraded him through the forest to see winter unfold before him.

It became their ritual.

Jack would babble on and on and Hiccup would half-listen, half-turn off his hearing aid, and he would just grin at the Winter Spirit before coughing out a laugh when the Frost Spirit realized Hiccup hadn't caught a word and berate him for it. And every winter, they would complete their little ritual after Hiccup grew too old to play and chase after the kids as they chased after Jack. And every winter, Jack would present Hiccup with a stunning garden of frost flowers near the lake where ice dragons once roamed and where an Ice Spirit came to the realization that he fell in love with a teenage boy.

And every winter, they would be reminded that Hiccup was (now) eighty and still in love, Jack was (now) three hundred and sixty-six, and very much in love for the last sixty-five of those years. And every winter, they would celebrate all that they have, all that they share, all that they are. Because there was still a them to hold on to.

Except this year.

Aina, the youngest of the Haddock grandchildren, clung to her mother, one hand grasping the black fabric of her skirt, the other hand grasping Jack's cold fingers. Jack only stared off, dully noting the elegance of the wooden frame, regal and expensive in its rich ochre shade. It was a pretty box that was lowered into the ground. A pretty box where Hiccup's heart slept because it was just that: a very, very long sleep, such a long sleep that eternity fall into slumber along with it as Hel solemnly flicked the lights off and locked the doors of the universe behind her. It was so much simpler to think in those terms because no, it couldn'tâ€he can'tâ€he won't, no, no death was such an ugly word, such an ugly thing, and he refused because Hiccup, his sweet, sweet love, couldn'tâ€nononoâ€

He can't stand the thought of Hiccup inside such a thing. A grand and imperial looking kind of tomb of wood and satins as Hiccup's chest laid still and his mouth fell silent as his eyes never opened that Sunday morning and no, no, nonononoâ€!

The November breeze swept through the procession and Jack couldn't help but think it unfair that they couldn't even have one last winter together. And as the hours droned on, Jack stood, listless and deaf to the tears and cries that bemoaned the loss of a great friend, husband, father, grandfather, not realizing that it was not just Astrid who lost the love of their life that day. The tears trickled down, but he did not move to wipe it away. Even as Aina was dragged off by her older cousin Johan who harshly whispered to her to let the spirit be for a while, Jack did not move. Even as the crowd dwindled, eventually leaving him behind as time oft does and the afternoon grew stale and the sun prepared to retire, he did not move.

And now, there was nothing left but a slab of stone with a name Jack never used etched onto it. On there was Hamish, not Hiccup as it should have been, and it was so silly that something as small as a name cut into a piece of rock could bother him so much when all along

he knew that it was a coverâ€”a cover of something much deeper that tore at his this was the end and his heart knew it, collapsing into quiet rather than continuing to ache with every beat. He knew it would come to this and he had no regrets. How could he? His short lifetime with Hiccup made him the happiest he had ever beenâ€”and also the most miserable.

But what's done is done and though unsure how, he would make it through. For both of them. At least, that's what he tried to tell himself.

"Windsâ€”take me home," he rasped, wanting to drift away to the skies that no doubt held his beloved somewhere he can't reach. He was met with emptiness, a resounding void that cruelly reminded him just how alone he was. "Winds!" he cried again and was met with nothing. '_Nothing', _something echoed in his mind with such sorrow that he felt himself fall apart at the very seams. And suddenly the grief was back, suffocating him, leaving him breathless as the pain bore down on him, the floodgates crashing open and leaving him to drown, mind dizzy and legs almost giving out from the sheer anguish and he knew he had to get away, had to leave everything behind including the pieces of his broken heart, and he was then _so, so_ glad that not a soul could see him like this, stricken with a loss so overbearing and overwhelming that it threatened to swallow him whole. He gasped and could only inhale his own mourning and he had to get away, had to leave, had to, had to, had to. He wrapped his arms around his stomach, desolation multiplying as the familiar weight of JÃ¶kul pressed in vacant comfort against him, the last he has of his love. It was too much. In an agonized gasp, he faced the silent heavens. "Wiâ€”"

"I heard you the first time."

And Jack stopped breathing altogether. "Whaâ€”" '_That voiceâ€”'_'

"Iâ€”didn't hear a 'please,'" came the sheepish reply and when the Guardian of Winter turned, his knees nearly buckled at the sight before him.

And it had to be a cruel joke, the small string of sanity snapping with a resounding twang as he made a pitiful attempt to straighten himself and rub his eyes furiously to expel the taunting illusionsâ€”only to find that same, familiar crooked smile barely holding on, quivering to restrain a cry, viridian orbs glimmering with tears bravely unshed.

"Y-you're hereâ€”" Jack sobbed, cautiously stepping towards the same face and figure he only saw in torturous dreams and lovelorn fantasies.

He nodded, strands of auburn dancing with the wind to a choked laugh, a few tears sliding down his freckled cheeks, resolution breaking. "I'm here," Hiccup replied with a shaky grin and soon he wasn't able to speak another word as icy lips met his and love and happiness swelled to the size of eternity as Jack wrapped his arms around his thin and gangly frame never to let go, an old habit that not even time could wear away, could never take away.

He brought the other spirit close, as if locking two puzzles in the

right place, fitting together perfectly. "You're hereâ€|" Jack whispered again, burying his head atop the other's, the scent of ancient forests and the spray of the ocean swimming through his senses.

"You already said that," the brunet replied as he drew away with a cheeky grin and what else was Jack to do than to smother it with yet another kiss? It was really him. Same sarcasm, same wit, same snarky comebacks. Same viridian eyes, same freckly face, same warmth, same love. It was him. And now there was a them once more.

Them. There was a them, there was a they, there was a we, and there was an us. And there always would be.

Hiccup's shout of shock and bliss echoed through the early winter or late fall air as Jack tugged him over the cities and clouds, sunsets promising new beginnings and unwritten endings, the tears in his eyes turning to snow, words refusing to form from his sobbing and gasping mouth at the sight of the forever-fifteen-year-old boy in his arms, looking back at him with the same love and devotion as if they had never been apart, the feel of him returning his embrace, his warmth capable of melting away winter's lonely grip, and the wild winds beneath their feet as they soared in unison, Icarus never falling, nothing else existing for the two cherished wishes come true but that moment, cycling, and everlasting. And sometime after he found his voice again, Hiccup subsequently lost the heart to tell Jack to stop saying, "I love you, I love you," over and over again as winds carried them. He didn't need to say it; its sonata sang in their hearts for sixty-five years and would play in everlasting overtures evermore.

With seeing came believing, a tandem, a perpetual cycle of faith against the impossible; with believing came seeing, a topsy-turvy cyclone of chance, fate, and above allâ€" love.

And beneath the display, two figures guarded by, sentinels of the reunion, hidden away by the gnarls of old oaks and golden leaves.

"Soâ€|the Spirit of Autumn, huh?" Bunnymund watched the air around them, swirling and mingling with frost, leaves, and beauty in its intricate design, the two lovers out of sight, alone and together. A perfect paradox. He turned to his ex-partner, an old rival, and an older friend. "What made ya think o' that?"

There was a small smile on her lips as she turned to him, a lightness in her heart that never seemed to fade, only briefly forgotten. "Because wherever Autumn isâ€|Winter will follow." And Cupid laughed, further goaded by the bewildered look on Aster's face and the slight disgruntlement that gleamed in his eyes at her corny joke, the bonds of centuries long past breaking away to take the gentle ring off to other skies.

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"Whither thou goest, I will go." â€" Ruth 1:16_

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><p>*= Quoted from Robert Lebrun in Kate Chopin's The
Awakening.

Hiccup became the Spirit of Autumn, the Embodiment of Winds, and
eventually a Guardian of Change; concept by yakfrost on
Tumblr.

"_You are my heart, my life, my one and only thought. But be free to
be, free to age, free to fade, free to stay, free to fly away.
Because love lives anyways. And whither thou goest, I will go."_

Oh lord. Yeah. Sorry. I might take this down later.

End
file.